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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—II.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

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"We consciously declare that 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' was foretold, *as well as its author*, Mary Baker Eddy, in Revelation x. She is the 'mighty angel,' or God's highest thought to this age (verse 1), giving us the spiritual interpretation of the Bible in the 'little book *open*' (verse 2). Thus we prove that Christian Science is the second coming of Christ—Truth—Spirit."—*Lecture by Dr. George Tomkins, D.D., C.S.*

THERE you have it in plain speech. She is the mighty angel; she is the divinely and officially sent bearer of God's highest thought. For the present, she *brings* the Second Advent. We must expect that before she has been in her grave fifty years she will be regarded by her following as having been *herself* the Second Advent. She is already worshipped, and we must expect this feeling to spread, territorially, and also to deepen in intensity.†

* Written in Europe in 1899, and not hitherto published. This explanatory note should have preceded last month's instalment also.—M. T.

† After *raising a dead child to life*, the disciple who did it writes an account of her performance to Mrs. Eddy, and closes it thus: "My prayer daily is to be more spiritual, that I may do more as you would have me do, . . . and may we all love you more, and so live it that the world may know that the Christ is come."—*Printed in the Concord, N. H., Independent Statesman, March* 9, 1899. If this is not worship, it is a good imitation of it.

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Particularly after her death; for then, as any one can foresee, Eddy-Worship will be taught in the Sunday-schools and pulpits of the cult. Already whatever she puts her trade-mark on, though it be only a memorial-spoon, is holy and is eagerly and passionately and gratefully bought by the disciple, and becomes a fetish in his house. I say bought, for the Boston Christian-Science Trust gives nothing away; everything it has is for sale. And the terms are cash; and not only cash, but cash in advance. Its god is Mrs. Eddy first, then the Dollar. Not a spiritual Dollar, but a real one. From end to end of the Christian-Science literature not a single (material) thing in the world is conceded to be real, except the Dollar. But all through and through its advertisements that reality is eagerly and persistently recognized. The hunger of the Trust for the Dollar, its adoration of the Dollar, its lust after the Dollar, its ecstasy in the mere thought of the Dollar—there has been nothing like it in the world in any age or country, nothing so coarse, nothing so lubricous, nothing so bestial, except a French novel's attitude towards adultery.

The Dollar is hunted down in all sorts of ways; the Christian-Science Mother-Church and Bargain-Counter in Boston peddles all kinds of spiritual wares to the faithful, always at extravagant prices, and always on the one condition—*cash,* cash in advance. The Angel of the Apocalypse could not go there and get a copy of his own pirated book on credit. Many, many precious Christian-Science things are to be had there—for cash: Bible Lessons; Church Manual; C. S. Hymnal; History of the building of the Mother-Church; lot of Sermons; Communion Hymn, "Saw Ye My Savior," by Mrs. Eddy, half a dollar a copy, "*words used by special permission of Mrs. Eddy.*" Also we have Mrs. Eddy's and the Angel's little Bible-Annex in eight styles of binding at eight kinds of war-prices; among these a sweet thing in "levant, divinity circuit, leather lined to edge, round corners, gold edge, silk sewed, each, *prepaid,* $6," and if you take a million you get them a shilling cheaper—that is to say, "prepaid, $5.75." Also we have Mrs. Eddy's "Miscellaneous Writings," at noble big prices, the divinity-circuit style heading the extortions, shilling discount where you take an edition. Next comes "Christ and Christmas," by the fertile Mrs. Eddy—a *poem*—would God I could see it—price $3, cash in advance. Then follow five more books by Mrs. Eddy, at highwayman's rates, as usual, some of

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them in "leatherette covers," some of them in "pebbled cloth," with divinity circuit, compensation balance, twin screw, and the other modern improvements; and at the same bargain-counter can be had "*The Christian Science Journal.*" I wish it were in refined taste to apply a rudely and ruggedly descriptive epithet to that literary slush-bucket, so as to give one an accurate idea of what it is like. I am moved to do it, but I must not; it is better to be refined than accurate when one is talking about a production like that.

Christian-Science literary oleomargarine is a monopoly of the Mother Church Headquarters Factory in Boston; none genuine without the trade-mark of the Trust. You must apply there, and not elsewhere; and you pay your money before you get your soap-fat.

The Trust has still other sources of income. Mrs. Eddy is president (and perhaps proprietor?) of the Trust's Metaphysical College in Boston, where the student who has practised C. S. healing during three years the best he knew how, perfects himself in the game by a two weeks' course, and pays *one hundred dollars* for it!* And I have a case among my statistics where the student had a three weeks' course and paid *three* hundred for it.

The Trust does love the Dollar, when it isn't a spiritual one.

In order to force the sale of Mrs. Eddy's Bible-Annex, no healer, Metaphysical-College-bred or other, is allowed to practise the game unless he possess a copy of that holy nightmare. That means a large and constantly augmenting income for the Trust. No C. S. family would consider itself loyal or pious or pain-proof without an Annex or two in the house. That means an income for the Trust, in the near future, of millions; not thousands—millions a year.

No member, young or old, of a Christian-Scientist church can retain that membership unless he pay "capitation tax" to the Boston Trust every year. That means an income for the Trust, in the near future, of millions more per year. This came to me from Christian Scientists.

* An error. For one hundred, read *three* hundred. That was for 12 brief lessons. But this cheapness only lasted until the end of 1888—fourteen years ago. [I am making this note in December, 1902.]. Mrs. Eddy—over her own signature—then made a change; the new terms were three hundred dollars for *seven* lessons. See *Christian Science Journal* for December, 1888.

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It is a reasonably safe guess that in America in 1910 there will be 10,000,000 Christian Scientists, and 3,000,000 in Great Britain; that these figures will be trebled in 1920; that in America in 1910 the Christian Scientists will be a political force, in 1920 politically formidable, and in 1930 the governing power in the Republic—to remain that, permanently. And I think it a reasonable guess that the Trust (which is already in our day pretty brusque in its ways) will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has dominated a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition. And a stronger master than the strongest of bygone times, because this one will have a financial strength not dreamed of by any predecessor; as effective a concentration of irresponsible power as any predecessor has had; in the railway, the telegraph, and the subsidized newspaper, better facilities for watching and managing his empire than any predecessor has had; and, after a generation or two, he will probably divide Christendom with the Catholic Church.

The Roman Church has a perfect organization, and it has an effective centralization of power—but not of its cash. Its multitude of Bishops are rich, but their riches remain in large measure in their own hands. They collect from 200,000,000 of people, but they keep the bulk of the result at home. The Boston Pope of by-and-by will draw his dollar-a-head capitation-tax from 300,000,000 of the human race, and the Annex and the rest of his book-shop stock will fetch in double as much more; and his Metaphysical Colleges, the annual pilgrimage to Mrs. Eddy's tomb, from all over the world—admission, the Christian-Science Dollar (payable in advance)—purchases of consecrated glass beads, candles, memorial spoons, aureoled chromo-portraits and bogus autographs of Mrs. Eddy; cash offerings at her shrine—no crutches of cured cripples received, and no imitations of miraculously restored broken legs and necks allowed to be hung up except when made out of the Holy Metal and proved by fire-assay; cash for miracles worked at the tomb: these money-sources, with a thousand to be yet invented and ambushed upon the devotee, will bring the annual increment well up above a billion. And nobody but the Trust will have the handling of it. No Bishops appointed unless they agree to hand in 90 per cent. of the catch. In that day, the Trust will monopolize the manufacture and sale

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of the Old and New Testaments as well as the Annex, and raise their price to Annex rates, and compel the devotee to buy (for even to-day a healer has to have the Annex *and* the Scriptures or he is not allowed to work the game), and that will bring several hundred million dollars more. In those days, the Trust will have an income approaching $5,000,000 a day, and no expenses to be taken out of it; no taxes to pay, and *no charities to support.* That last detail should not be lightly passed over by the reader; it is well entitled to attention.

No charities to support. No, nor even to contribute to. One searches in vain the Trust's advertisements and the utterances of its pulpit for any suggestion that it spends a penny on orphans, widows, discharged prisoners, hospitals, ragged schools, night-missions, city missions, libraries, old people's homes, or any other object that appeals to a human being's purse through his heart.*

I have hunted, hunted, and hunted, by correspondence and otherwise, and have not yet got upon the track of a farthing that the Trust has spent upon any worthy object. Nothing makes a Scientist so uncomfortable as to ask him if he knows of a case where Christian Science has spent money on a benevolence, either among its own adherents or elsewhere. He is obliged to say "No." And then one discovers that the person questioned has been asked the question many times before, and that it is getting to be a sore subject with him. Why a sore subject? Because he has written his chiefs and asked with high confidence for an answer that will confound these questioners—and the chiefs did not reply. He has written again, and then again—not with confidence, but humbly, now—and has begged for defensive ammunition in the voice of supplication. A reply does at last come—to this effect: "We must have faith in Our Mother, and rest content in the conviction that whatever She† does with the money it is in accordance with orders from Heaven, for She does no act of any kind without first 'demonstrating over' it."

That settles it—as far as the disciple is concerned. His mind is entirely satisfied with that answer; he gets down his Annex

* In two years (1898–99) the membership of the Established Church in England gave voluntary contributions amounting to $73,000,000 to the Church's benevolent enterprises. Churches that give have nothing to hide.

† I may be introducing the capital S a little early—still, it is on its way.

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and does an incantation or two, and that mesmerizes his spirit and puts *that* to sleep—brings it peace. Peace and comfort and joy, until some inquirer punctures the old sore again.

Through friends in America I asked some questions, and in some cases got definite and informing answers; in other cases the answers were not definite and not valuable. From the definite answers I gather that the "capitation-tax" is compulsory, and that the sum is one dollar. To the question, "Does any of the money go to charities?" the answer from an authoritative source was: "No, *not in the sense usually conveyed by this word.*" (The italics are mine.) That answer is cautious. But definite, I think—utterly and unassailably definite—although quite Christian-Scientifically foggy in its phrasing. Christian Science is generally foggy, generally diffuse, generally garrulous. The writer was aware that the first word in his phrase answered the question which I was asking, but he could not help adding nine dark words. Meaningless ones, unless explained by him. It is quite likely, as intimated by him, that Christian Science has invented a new class of objects to apply the word "charity" to, but without an explanation we cannot know what they are. We quite easily and naturally and confidently guess that they are in all cases objects which will return five hundred per cent. on the Trust's investment in them, but guessing is not knowledge; it is merely, in this case, a sort of nine-tenths certainty deducible from what we think we know of the Trust's trade principles and its sly and furtive and shifty ways.

Sly? Deep? Judicious? The Trust understands its business. The Trust does not give itself away. It defeats all the attempts of us impertinents to get at its trade secrets. To this day, after all our diligence, we have not been able to get it to confess what it does with the money. It does not even let its own disciples find out. All it says is, that the matter has been "demonstrated over." Now and then a lay Scientist says, with a grateful exultation, that Mrs. Eddy is enormously rich, but he stops there; as to whether any of the money goes to other charities or not, he is obliged to admit that he does not know. However, the Trust is composed of human beings; and this justifies the conjecture that if it had a charity on its list which it did not need to blush for, we should soon hear of it.

"Without money and without price." Those used to be the

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terms. Mrs. Eddy's Annex cancels them. The motto of Christian Science is, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." And now that it has been "demonstrated over," we find its spiritual meaning to be, "Do anything and everything your hand may find to do; and charge cash for it, and collect the money in advance." The Scientist has on his tongue's end a cut-and-dried, Boston-supplied set of rather lean arguments, whose function is to show that it is a Heaven-commanded *duty* to do this, and that the croupiers of the game have no choice but to obey.

The Trust seems to be a reincarnation. Exodus xxxii., 4.

I have no reverence for Mrs. Eddy and the rest of the Trust—if there is a rest; but I am not lacking in reverence for the sincerities of the lay membership of the new Church. There is every evidence that the lay members are entirely sincere in their faith, and I think sincerity is always entitled to honor and respect, let the inspiration of the sincerity be what it may. Zeal and sincerity can carry a new religion further than any other missionary except fire and sword, and I believe that the new religion will conquer the half of Christendom in a hundred years. I am not intending this as a compliment to the human race, I am merely stating an opinion. And yet I think that perhaps it *is* a compliment to the race. I keep in mind that saying of an orthodox preacher—quoted further back. He conceded that this new Christianity frees its possessor's life from *frets, fears, vexations, bitterness, and all sorts of imagination-propagated maladies and pains, and fills his world with sunshine and his heart with gladness.* If Christian Science, with this stupendous equipment—and final salvation added—cannot win half the Christian globe, I must be badly mistaken in the make-up of the human race.

I think the Trust will be handed down like the other Papacy, and will always know how to handle its limitless cash. It will press the button; the zeal, the energy, the sincerity, the enthusiasm of its countless vassals will do the rest.

III

The power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. The first man had it, the last one will possess it. If left to himself, a man is most likely to use only the mischievous half of the force—the half which invents imaginary ailments for him and

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cultivates them; and if he is one of these very wise people, he is quite likely to scoff at the beneficent half of the force and deny its existence. And so, to heal or help that man, *two* imaginations are required: his own and some outsider's. The outsider, B, must imagine that *his* incantations are the healing-power that is curing A, and A must imagine that this is so. I think it is not so, at all; but no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing. The outsider's work is unquestionably valuable; so valuable that it may fairly be likened to the essential work performed by the engineer when he handles the throttle and turns on the steam; the actual power is lodged exclusively in the engine, but if the engine were left alone it would never start of itself. Whether the engineer be named Jim, or Bob, or Tom, it is all one—his services are necessary, and he is entitled to such wage as he can get you to pay. Whether he be named Christian Scientist, or Mental Scientist, or Mind Curist, or King's-Evil Expert, or Hypnotist, it is all one; he is merely the Engineer; he simply turns on the same old steam and the engine does the whole work.

In the case of the cure-engine it is a distinct advantage to clothe the engineer in religious overalls and give him a pious name. It greatly enlarges the business, and does no one any harm.

The Christian-Scientist engineer drives exactly the same trade as the other engineers, yet he out-prospers the whole of them put together.

Is it because he has captured the takingest name? I think that that is only a small part of it. I think that the secret of his high prosperity lies elsewhere.

The Christian Scientist has *organized* the business. Now that was certainly a gigantic idea. There is more intellect in it than would be needed for the invention of a couple of millions of Eddy Science-and-Health Bible-Annexes. Electricity, in limitless volume, has existed in the air and the rocks and the earth and everywhere since time began—and was going to waste all the while. In our time we have *organized* that scattered and wandering force and set it to work, and backed the business with capital, and concentrated it in few and competent hands, and the results are as we see.

The Christian Scientist has taken a force which has been lying idle in every member of the human race since time began, and has organized it, and backed the business with capital, and concen-

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trated it at Boston headquarters in the hands of a small and very competent Trust, and there are results.

Therein lies the promise that this monopoly is going to extend its commerce wide in the earth. I think that if the business were conducted in the loose and disconnected fashion customary with such things, it would achieve but little more than the modest prosperity usually secured by unorganized great moral and commercial ventures; but I believe that so long as this one remains compactly organized and closely concentrated in a Trust, the spread of its dominion will continue.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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LAWLESSNESS OF THE POLICE IN NEW YORK.

BY MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THE subject assigned to me for this article is certain rights of the individual, in respect of how and when he may be arrested, or his house may be invaded, by government, *i.e.*, by the police, and of whether he may resist unlawful interferences and trespasses by the police against his person or house. The unlawful and oppressive arrests and invasions of houses which had so long been habitual in the former city of New York (owing not to the membership of the rank and file of the police force, for that was and is really of good quality, but to the sort of persons who had usually been put in rulership over that force for more than a generation), and which seem to continue unchecked in the new city, with no apparent sign of any one in the city government being conscious that the police may not lawfully invade houses and arrest and shove people about right and left at pleasure, serve to make such an article timely. As the law in respect of the right of arrest and freedom from police intrusion is the same throughout the English-speaking world (if not, indeed, wherever else free government exists), what is here said is of general application, although laws of the State of New York may be particularly cited.

I

The difference between free government and despotism is easily stated. Under a free government every one is a law unto himself, except in so far as precise law, made by the direct vote of the qualified electors of the people themselves (as is generally the case with our State constitutions in this country), or else by their chosen representatives in legislature assembled (as is the case with our statute laws), permits him or his property to be touched by government. Under a despotism, the reverse is

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the case; government is under no restraint or control of the governed, and takes the life, liberty and property of the individual at will; and between these two extremes of government there are, of course, various gradations. A free government is created by and subject to the control of the people, and those put in official place are the mere servants of the people. The people make the laws, and putting some of their own number in authority for the purposes of government, say to them: "These laws are your power of attorney to act for us; read them carefully and keep within them; it is not for you to say they do not give you power enough, and to go beyond them; we have our reasons therefor, taught by experience, and that suffices; our lives and liberties you may not take or interfere with to any extent whatever, except as we permit and in the way we direct therein; you may take of our property for the necessities of government, but only to the amount and in the manner we prescribe therein."

The experience of history shows that free government, once established, can be preserved only by the individual standing upon his rights, or, more pointedly speaking, keeping government, *i.e.,* the officers and agents of government, at arm's-length. This is a thing thoroughly understood and lived up to by Englishmen everywhere; it seems to be ingrained in them, and is entirely consistent with the highest loyalty to government. But in some parts of this country, at all events in the City of New York, and in some few places which have followed its abuses, it has gradually come to be scarcely understood at all in respect of the right of peace officers, *i.e.,* of the police, to make arrests, to invade houses, and the like.

A small encroachment of arbitrary power by government leads quite inevitably, if suffered without opposition, to greater and greater ones, and to a growing multitude of them, accompanied by general extortion and blackmail, and ending in the temporary or permanent destruction of free government. Cicero said of Julius Cæsar that as he looked at him adjusting his hair so nicely and scratching his head with one finger, it never occurred to him that such a man could conceive so vast and fatal a design as the destruction of the Roman commonwealth. And so with the first little invasions and encroachments upon the rights and liberties of the citizen. They appear at first, if noticed at all, as commonplace and harmless as the very ordinary-looking man

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Cæsar scratching his head appeared to Cicero; and yet they are germs pregnant with the destruction of free government. It is often of little consequence, and seldom of great consequence, whether an individual suspected or actually guilty of a criminal offence be arrested or convicted of it; but it is always of transcendent importance that he be not arrested or convicted except in accordance with those restrictions and safeguards which the people, taught by dire experience, and guarding against a recurrence of arbitrary power, have by their constitutions and laws prescribed. We have in our fundamental instruments of government in this country, called constitutions and bills of rights, certain guaranties of individual liberties and rights, including freedom from unlawful arrests, invasions and searches, which we inherit from Magna Charta and the common law of England. No one who knows the history of these guaranties, and of the long struggles of the people against despotic power which finally attained them, can see them infringed, much less defied and set at naught, without a feeling of resentment. They are the warp and the woof of our system of laws and government, and without them free government cannot exist.

II

The manner in which a person could be lawfully arrested was settled by the common law of England. That law was brought to this country by the colonists, was inherited by us, and still remains our law except in so far as it has been changed by statute. The common law defining and limiting the right to arrest has remained substantially unchanged with us. In some States it has been reduced to statutes, and in some not. In the State of New York it was made part of our Code of Criminal Procedure, which was enacted in 1881; and, as an article like this is of no value unless it is instructive, and as I feel for obvious reasons that I should not here enter upon any disputed questions of law, it seems best to quote in full the sections of that Code which define the right and power of arrest. And it should be held in mind that I am speaking of arrests without a warrant, *i.e.*, a warrant of arrest obtained from a magistrate or court, for of course when such a warrant is delivered to an officer he is bound to obey it, and every one is bound to yield to its commands. Warrants of arrest are not delivered to private persons to be executed.

We shall arrive at a better understanding of the right and

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power of police officers to arrest without a warrant by first seeing what right and power private individuals have to make arrests. Every person always had, by common law, the right to make certain arrests without a warrant. It was not necessary to be an officer to make such arrests. That is still the law with us, the common law being expressed by section 183 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, which is as follows:

"A private person may arrest another,

"1. For a crime committed or attempted in his presence;

"2. When the person arrested has committed a felony, although not in his presence."

By the express terms of this statute, which is only declaratory of the common law, every private person is given the right and the power to arrest and take before a magistrate without a warrant any person who commits "in his presence" any crime, whether of the lesser and sometimes trivial kind called a misdemeanor, or of the graver kind called a felony (for "crimes" are divided into "felonies" and "misdemeanors," all those which are punishable by imprisonment in State prison or by death being felonies); and, furthermore, if a felony has in fact been committed, although not in his presence, he may in like manner arrest the person who committed it. Such is the right and the power of every person to make arrests—that is to say, if any criminal offence, high or low, felony or misdemeanor, be committed in his presence, he may without a warrant arrest the person who committed it; and if a felony has in fact been committed, he may in the same way arrest the person who committed it, although it was not committed in his presence. To this should be added, in order to make the statement complete, that if no felony has in fact been committed, or if the person arrested did not commit the felony which has in fact been committed, then the arrest is unlawful, and the person arrested may on being discharged maintain against the person who arrested him an action for damages therefor and for the ensuing imprisonment. In the same way, of course, if a person should arrest one for committing a criminal offence, whether felony or misdemeanor, in his presence, and it should turn out that no criminal offence was committed, and that the arrest was therefore a false one, the same kind of an action for damages would lie. In such an action the jury are the judges of whether the person arrested committed the offence.

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Having seen the right and power of arrest without a warrant possessed by every private person now and from the earliest times, we are more alert to know what additional right and power of arrest without a warrant, if any, police officers possess. Many intelligent and educated persons in the City of New York are surprised and wholly incredulous when told that officers have no right or power to arrest without a warrant which every citizen has not; that an officer is given no more right by law to arrest without a warrant than that given by law to every citizen, excepting in one not very substantial particular in the case of felonies, which will be hereinafter specified. Such surprise and incredulity arise from the fact that the residents of the City of New York have so long witnessed a contrary practice by the police that they have forgotten their rights as free men under Anglo-Saxon law.

While all citizens have this "right" to arrest, it is not their "duty" to make arrests, nor have they the time for such work. They have, therefore, provided by their laws for the employment, and the payment out of their substance, of certain of their number called "peace officers," or "police officers," for such work; but in their laws they have taken most scrupulous care to give these officers no right or power of arrest without a warrant, in the case of misdemeanors, which every citizen does not possess (instead of making them a law unto themselves, as has grown to be the general notion in the City of New York), and scarcely any other power in the case of felonies, as will appear by the section of the Code of Criminal Procedure to be presently quoted in full. A policeman (to speak so plainly that every one may understand) is only a citizen dressed in blue clothes and brass buttons (and sometimes with a club in his belt or pocket), with no right or lawful power of arrest without a warrant which all his fellow-citizens do not possess; and he should be taught by those in authority over him never to forget this fact. His fellow-citizens have not made him their master, but only their honorable servant, with no power to arrest any one except as precisely provided by law. Section 177 of the said Code, which substantially follows and codifies the common law, prescribes when an officer may arrest without a warrant, and is as follows:

"A peace officer may, without a warrant, arrest a person,
"1. For a crime committed or attempted in his presence;

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"2. When the person arrested has committed a felony, although not in his presence;

"3. When a felony has in fact been committed, and he has reasonable cause for believing the person to be arrested to have committed it."

A comparison of this section with the one defining the right and power to arrest given to all private persons, which is quoted in full above, shows that it is identical therewith, except that a third sub-division is added, making it lawful for an officer to arrest without a warrant "when a felony has in fact been committed," although not committed in his presence, provided "he has reasonable cause for believing the person to be arrested to have committed it." As has already been seen, a private person has also the same right to arrest without a warrant for a felony which has in fact been committed, although not in his presence; but if he arrest the wrong person, *i.e.*, a person who did not commit the felony, he is liable absolutely in an action against him by such person for damages for false arrest and imprisonment. The additional provision in the case of an officer exempts him from liability in such an action for damages, provided he acted on "reasonable cause for believing" that the person arrested was the right person. The jury in such an action are the judges of whether he had such reasonable cause.

Except for this latitude and immunity in favor of officers in this one particular, there is no difference in respect of the right and power of officers and private persons to make arrests without a warrant, and their responsibility therefor in actions for damages for false arrests. There is no difference at all in respect of misdemeanors, and only this one in respect of felonies, and it has been mentioned and explained here only for the sake of exactness; for it might be passed over as not substantially affecting the precise matter under consideration. By the common law it may be that such reasonable cause for belief could also be acted upon by an officer in respect of the question whether any felony had in fact been committed, as well as in respect of the identity of the person who committed it.

The law does not and never did tolerate the idea that any one may be arrested without a warrant by a police officer, any more than by a private person, for an alleged criminal offence of the grade of misdemeanor, unless it was committed in his presence. If a police officer knows, or thinks he knows, of facts which show

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that a person has committed a criminal offence of the grade of misdemeanor, but which was not committed in his presence, there is only one course for him to pursue—he may not arrest that person without a warrant, but his duty, and the full extent of his right, is, like any other citizen, to go before a magistrate, make a written complaint on oath of the facts and cause a warrant to be issued, and then the arrest can be made on the warrant. If the officer does not know such facts, but some person who professes to know them tells him of them, the officer cannot himself obtain a warrant, much less make the arrest without a warrant, on such hearsay. His duty is to direct such person to a magistrate to make the written complaint on oath necessary to obtain a warrant; and, in some grave cases, it may be his duty to accompany such person before the magistrate. The very same is the case in respect of felonies; except, as has been seen, that an officer, the same as a private person, no more and no less, may, if a felony has in fact been committed, arrest without a warrant the guilty person, although the offence was not committed in his presence; with only the additional right and safeguard, as we have seen, in favor of an officer, that if a felony has in fact been committed, he may arrest without a warrant on reasonable cause for belief in respect of who the guilty person is. The ancient reason for the enlarged right of arrest without a warrant to both private persons and officers in the case of felonies, is to prevent fleeing felons from escaping.

The foregoing is, in the State of New York, all plain statute law, and is equally plain wherever it has not yet been reduced to statute. It has been declared by the courts many times. It is not new with us, but was inherited by us as part of the common law of England, and is common to every free state. It is the inheritance by right of every English-speaking people. It marks the difference between a free government and a despotism. It is thoroughly understood by the people in every locality in this country, except in the City of New York (and, it may be, a few other places), where the rights and liberties of the people, especially of the weak and uninfluential, who should be the chief objects of the protection of government, have been so long trampled upon by the sort of persons who have been put in rulership over the police, that the citizens have forgotten them. So far, indeed, has this gone that the police of the City of New York may without a warrant

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raid, arrest, and lock up over night several hundred people from all parts of the United States found in a public room or hall, against whom there is no pretence of any criminal charge whatever; or drive the lawful delegates to a political convention out of the convention hall at the request or command of some political leader or boss; or drag duly registered voters away from the polls while in the very act of voting, and in order to prevent them from voting; or suppress free speech by breaking up meetings and driving the speakers and every one out with the club, all without exciting any public protest whatever. Can a community in which such a state of things exists be said to be under the rule of Anglo-Saxon law and liberty at all? What a contrast is presented by the conduct of government in England, in respect of the guaranteed liberties of the individual! There the unlawful arrest by the police of the humblest woman or man arouses a public protest which the Crown has to heed for its own safety, and which becomes the subject of question and condemnation in Parliament next day. The unlawful arrest in London of one-tenth the number of persons lawlessly arrested by peace officers in the City of New York on last election day would cause a revolution there, unless prompt and full redress were given by the government, including the dismissal and also the indictment of the officers guilty of the oppression; for such oppression is a grave criminal offence. That such outrages are not forcibly resisted by our people does not so much testify to their well known peaceable character as to the extent to which they have lost that keen sense of personal right which characterizes a free people.

III

The right of the individual to be secure in his house or dwelling against an invasion and search thereof by the police without a warrant, is another of our inheritances from the common law of England. When the powerful and the great built castles, and surrounded them with wall and moat, and haughtily prevented even the king from entering without their consent, the genius of a whole people, instinct with love of liberty and of constitutional government, was quick to seize the opportunity to declare what now sounds in the city of New York as an empty boast, though it became and remains a great constitutional maxim, with a history and a literature all its own, viz., that every man's house

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is his castle. Its declaration was a revolution in government and in human liberty. It is still as pregnant of the individual rights and liberties of a free people as when it first emanated from what Coke called the unpolished genius of the people. It is as vital now as when Chatham said of it, in his speech against the unconstitutional practice of issuing general or roving warrants for searches and arrests:

"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England may not enter; all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

The practice of issuing warrants which did not specify the persons or property to be seized, finally received its death blow from Wilkes and from the judicial decisions of Lords Mansfield and Camden. When such a warrant was served on Wilkes, he called it "a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation"; and for being arrested under it he obtained a verdict for one thousand pounds in an action for damages for false imprisonment—a verdict for a sum so large in that day as to show in itself the liberty-loving spirit of the English people. What would the jury have done if the search and arrest had been without any warrant at all, as has been the case thousands of times in the City of New York, or more particularly in the County of New York (for there are four counties within the limits of the present City of New York)?

The Constitution of the United States contains the following provision, declaratory of the common law:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

This provision of the Federal Constitution is, of course, operative on the Federal Government only; but it is adopted, word for word, in the ancient Bill of Rights of the State of New York, and is to be found in one form or another in our State constitutions or bills of rights generally. It is too plain to need elucidation. If an officer should attempt to search one's house or rooms without such a warrant, or with a warrant not "particularly de-

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scribing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized," he would be acting without authority and would be a trespasser. If an officer should without a warrant enter the residence of that Judge of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace of the County of New York who is called by the ancient name of Recorder, or the residence of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, or of the Mayor of the city, and say, "I suspect this is a house of ill-fame, or a gambling-house, and am going to search it," and should search it by force, the dangerous lawlessness of his act, not merely against an individual and the public peace, but against free government, would be manifest to all, and would be loudly denounced. And yet such acts committed against the influential and the great would be no more lawless, and not half so dangerous to the endurance of free government, as when committed generally, or against the humble, the weak and the unfortunate, who should be the first to receive the good-will and protection of government. To say that a "suspicious" or "bad" place should be entered and searched without a warrant, would be to beg the whole question. Who is to say that it is suspicious or bad, whether it be the Recorder's house or some other house? The "law of the land" does not leave the decision of the matter to any police authority, however high, but requires that it be submitted in advance, on sworn testimony showing facts, to a magistrate or court.

The principal duty of the police is to preserve the public peace, and keep outward order and decency. When they are permitted or used by those in authority over them to depart from this, and to go beyond the law by invading houses or rooms without warrants, and arresting in the same way for misdemeanors not committed in their presence, the inevitable result, as experience shows, is general oppression, extortion and blackmail by them upon the community. They, or more likely those in control of them, will accept money to refrain from their lawless invasions and arrests; but that is impossible if they act with warrants in their hands, as the law requires. Crimes and vices are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the growth of the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined. It debases everybody, and brings in its train all of the vices. Societies, and private enthusiasts, for the "suppression of vice,"

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should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club what can be done at all only very gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. How is it they have never been kindly told this by some mayor of the City of New York—with a suggestion that they read (for instance) the fifth chapter of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals," or the fourth chapter in Professor Lilly's "First Principles in Politics," or the same subject in St. Augustine's "*De Ordine*"?

A police officer may without a warrant enter a house, or break in, if necessary, to make an arrest for an offence which is being committed therein in his sight or hearing, for that would be an offence committed in his presence, and for which he or any private person may arrest without a warrant, as has already been explained; or if an arrested person escape, he may be pursued into a house and retaken. But these will be perceived to be mere corollaries of the right of arrest without a warrant where it exists, and not to affect or diminish the rights of the individual which the purpose of this article is to point out.

IV

It remains to answer the question which has all along been in the minds of some readers, "May an officer, the same as a private individual, who is without a warrant unlawfully arresting one, or invading his house or rooms, be resisted?" The law, often declared by the courts, says, Yes, it is lawful to resist him with all the force necessary to prevent him. An officer who is committing an unlawful trespass on your person or property is not in the performance of his official duty, and if he assaults you he may lawfully be resisted, the same as a private individual, even to the extent of taking his life, if, in the last extremity, that becomes unavoidable in order to save yourself from "great personal injury," or from death, at the hands of the unlawful assailant. This is laid down in section 205 of the Penal Code of the State of New York, which substantially declares the common law. There is a statute in the State of New York, and probably in all our States, making it a criminal offence to resist an officer "in the performance of his duty." To make out that offence, the principal thing to be proved is that the officer was "in the performance of his duty," though this seems to be frequently overlooked in the City

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of New York. It seems to be often considered sufficient that the officer was resisted, even though the resistance was to an unlawful trespass being committed by him, so dim has become the knowledge of the rights of free men, under the common law of England and our constitution and laws, to resist oppression.

This subject can be best disposed of by referring to the great case of the People against Hochstim, decided on appeal by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in the first judicial department (which embraces only the County of New York), late in November, 1902; particularly as I do not wish to speak in this article except by authority. A deputy superintendent of elections, who is by statute a peace officer, with all the rights and powers of arrest which belong to such an officer, attempted without a warrant to arrest a duly registered voter on a charge of unlawful registration, when he presented himself at his polling place in the City of New York to vote and asked the election officers for his ballot. Hochstim and others joined the voter in remonstrating, and told the officer that the voter could not be lawfully arrested, as he was registered and had the right to vote. As the officer refused to desist, Hochstim and others resisted him, and shoved him into a corner, and enabled the voter to vote. Hochstim was thereafter indicted, tried and convicted of the alleged offence of resisting the officer in the discharge of his duty, which is a felony under the Metropolitan Elections District Law. It appeared on the trial, by the prosecution's own showing, that the voter was lawfully registered and, consequently, had the absolute right to vote. The officer, instead of being in the discharge of his duty in arresting him, was, therefore, committing a gross trespass upon him. Nevertheless, Hochstim was convicted of resisting an officer "in the discharge of his duty," and sentenced to State prison for three years. Having obtained a stay on appeal, other counsel of the highest eminence, whose attention was attracted to the case by the publicity it had then attained, principally by the adverse criticism by some newspapers of the granting of the stay, came forward without fee, and, refusing to consider any suggestion of compensation, undertook to defend him and vindicate the right of every citizen to resist the unlawful acts of officers. To the honor of the bar, it must be said that in every age its members have come forward in the same way to uphold individual

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right and liberty. Of course, the conviction was reversed, the judges holding that the officer was not in the performance of his duty, but doing an unlawful act, and that he was therefore lawfully resisted.

It will not be going outside of the scope of this article to mention also that the opinions of the judges further decide that a registered voter may not be arrested at all at the polls on the charge of not being entitled to register and vote, until after he has voted; that he may only be challenged, and that if he then take the oath prescribed by law to swear in his vote, his right to vote is absolute. The following was said by Mr. Justice Hatch:

"No interference with the citizen after he has registered, except to challenge his right to vote, either by threats of arrest or any other form of intimidation, or by interference with him when exercising the right, is permitted. Each and all such acts are unlawful, no matter by whom perpetrated."

And the following by Mr. Justice Ingraham:

"He (the voter) had been duly registered, whereby he became a qualified voter and entitled to cast his vote. When he demanded his right to vote, his right could be challenged; but if he made the necessary oath as to his qualifications as a voter, the inspectors were bound to accept his vote, and any one, whether a deputy superintendent of elections, or holding any other office, who deliberately and intentionally interfered to prevent the exercise of that right violated section 41k of the Penal Code."

Nevertheless, it is more than probable that, at the very next election, hundreds of similar lawless arrests will be made in the City of New York by officers at the polls, as has been done for several years and was done at the recent election. It may not be amiss to mention that this great judgment in the Hochstim case was scarcely mentioned by the press of New York City, and except for possibly two newspapers the public there are wholly uninformed of its far-reaching purport. The citizen in voting is performing an act of sovereignty; he is participating in the free expression of the sovereign will of the people. If government may send or threaten to send officers to the polls, with or without warrants, in order to frighten voters from coming there, or from voting, or to forcibly prevent them from voting by arresting them and taking them away, intimidation can be spread like an epidemic, and the timid, the friendless and the weak easily deterred from voting. For one illegal vote that might be prevented in that

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way, there would be scores of legal votes prevented. The Penal Code of the State of New York provides that "any one who wilfully and unlawfully obstructs, hinders or delays, or aids or assists in obstructing or delaying any elector on his way to a registration or polling place, or while he is attempting to register or vote," is guilty of a crime. This, of course, applies to officers, the same as to all others.

V

The last mayoralty election in the City of New York was probably decided by the large number of persons who, during the previous four years, had been unlawfully interfered with and oppressed by the police. If the Mayor has caused the commissioner of police to issue a general order to the force, embodying the plain and simple section of the Code of Criminal Procedure prescribing their powers of arrest without a warrant, and the equally plain and simple prohibition in the Bill of Rights against searches and seizures without a warrant, which are quoted above, and warning them that unlawful arrests, house invasions, and trespasses must cease, and that thereafter it would be deemed a more serious offence for a policeman to unlawfully interfere with a citizen than to let a criminal escape, it has not been made known to the citizens at large, thousands of whom expected it and looked for it. Nor has the Mayor caused the civil service commissioners to go to the root of the evil by examining applicants for appointment to the force or for promotion therein in respect to the rights and powers of policemen to make arrests, or enter houses or rooms, without a warrant. An examination like this would be of more use than questions calling for the source of the Bronx river, or the number of public parks in the remote borough of Richmond.

One recent instance suffices to show the false idea of the right and power to arrest and imprison without a warrant which still exists in the police department of the City of New York. In October last, a police captain came into a magistrate's court with a large batch of prisoners, whom he had arrested and locked up over night without a warrant. He told the magistrate that he wanted them all committed to prison until after election. The magistrate asked what charge of a criminal offence he made against them, and the response was that he made none, but that he feared they would register and vote if not locked up. Being asked if there was any one to make any charge against them, he said no.

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The magistrate said that he had no right to commit any one except on a charge of some criminal offence made on oath, and discharged the prisoners. Can any one imagine such an occurrence in England, or, for that matter, anywhere outside of the City of New York? The police captain seemed to be wholly oblivious of the fact that it was not entrusted to him by law, but to the election officials, to decide who were entitled to register and vote, or that he had no right to arrest and lock up people at will without a warrant; and he was in no amiable mood toward the magistrate for not holding his prisoners. He probably had in mind very different experiences before certain magistrates. The public have not yet been informed of his dismissal from the force, or of his indictment, or of any complaint whatever having been made against him by those above him in the city or county government; nor have they been informed of any complaint or prosecution against any one for any of the hundreds of lawless arrests made in the City of New York on last election day, not to mention other times. It would seem that some conscientious reformer might leave the pursuit of unfortunate women, and suspend his labors with the police for the "suppression of vice" by force, long enough to deal with this great and dangerous vice.

Several typical instances of the lawless invasion of houses by the police in the City of New York occurred only last month. It will suffice to describe one of them. All accounts agree as to the particulars of it, and the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout. The house invaded was said to be a place of private gaming. A large possé of policemen suddenly surrounded it and violently attacked it. They smashed in a window by means of some heavy weapon, and entered pell mell by the breach thus made, some of them flourishing revolvers and others armed with axes. After entering, the same course of lawless violence was continued. They had a search warrant from a magistrate, but did not act under it in getting in. They did not present it at the door, nor give any notice of it, nor ask for admittance under it (nor at all, for that matter), before breaking in; whereas section 799 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (which only follows the common law) prescribes that an officer having a search warrant may break into the house to be searched only "if, after notice of his authority and purpose, he be refused

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admittance"; and section 120 of the Penal Code makes it a criminal offence to exceed the authority which a search warrant confers by law. Their conduct in breaking in was just as lawless as though they had no warrant, because they did not act under the warrant. They might as well have gone to the house without a warrant. It is only of late that they have begun to get warrants to enter houses, owing to recent judicial decisions; but to get a warrant and then violate it is only adding an additional crime to that of the unlawful invasion. The "raid," as it is aptly called (for a lawless word best describes a lawless act), was, according to all the accounts, planned and led by the District Attorney of New York County in person—the chief officer elected by the people to guard their rights and liberties, and maintain law and order in the community; but this seems quite incredible. The grand jury was in session, but no inquiry was made by it into the matter; nor did any one in the government of the city call the police to account, or make any protest; nor has any one made any complaint to the Governor of the State to enable him to exercise the constitutional power given to him for investigation, and for redress and relief to the people, in such cases. In a similar "raid" not long ago, a retainer or officer of the District Attorney's office shot down a man. He has not been tried for it, nor even indicted, although no lawful cause or justification for his act is known to the public.

The notion that the morals of the community can be reformed and made better, or that government can be purified and lifted up, instead of being debased and demoralized, by the policeman's club and axe, is so pernicious and dangerous in any government, let alone in a free government, that no one can harbor it whose intellectuals are not, as Macaulay says, "in that most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." Unfortunate women and gamblers were in the beginning, and will be here, it may be, at the end. At all events, this we do know, that wherever their number grows less, it will be in the future, as in the past, not as the result of disorderly brute force, but as the result of the moral growth of the community, accompanied by a humane, even and orderly administration of the law.

It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretence that the police could not enforce the law if they

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kept within the law themselves. The idea that the police may trample on the law regulating their conduct in order to make other people observe the law regulating theirs, can arise only out of a total lack of understanding of the principles on which free government rests. The duty of the police is fully performed by doing what the law prescribes they may do; when they go beyond that, they are not doing duty, but violating the law. What they cannot do within the law, and in the manner prescribed by the law, the law—that is, the declared will of the people—does not want or permit them to do at all. There can be no more dangerous notion in a free government than that those who enforce the laws have the right to be stricter than the laws, or are in any respect above the laws. If, in a criminal trial, the plain facts plainly presented do not convict, the people do not want a conviction, and so declare by their laws; much less do they want arbitrary and lawless arrests, or permit them by their laws.

W. J. GAYNOR.

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AGRARIAN REFORM IN ITALY.

BY THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

THE Agricultural Association founded in Casale-Litta, a small village of the province of Milan, has awakened general interest, as it seems to afford the only practical means of raising the moral and material conditions of the peasants and of absolutely preventing agrarian strikes.

In Lombardy, as in all the other provinces of Italy and in the rest of Europe, the peasants or tillers of the soil are not much better off than when they were slaves and serfs. The personal liberty granted to the members of their class by the abolition of feudal rights in 1793 is more apparent than real, and, such as it is, this liberty has not proven to be an unmixed blessing, as they are now no longer assured of hearth and home, but may at any moment be evicted through caprice or vengeance. In their present condition, peasants are in reality small tenant-farmers, with yearly contracts that are usually renewed, but which may be rescinded at the land-owner's pleasure by a simple notice to quit served six months before the termination of the agricultural year.

On account of their indolence and carelessness, and their absenteeism, the landlords disdain or neglect to interest themselves in the necessities and idiosyncrasies of their peasants, and they are, therefore, unintentionally, the causes of the unjust tyranny to which the peasants are subjected at the hands of the iniquitous class called "*fittabili*" (farmers), under whose control the large estates have gradually fallen. These men, generally from distant sections, and of course devoid of all interest in the estates or peasants, usually lease the estates for the space of from six to twelve years, during which time they have absolute authority. It frequently happens that, in the course of one or two leases, by oppressing the peasants and despoiling the landlord, the farmers

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are enabled to retire with a comfortable competency, and some have even become millionaires. To my regret I must own that my peasants and estate had been subjected to this destructive and demoralizing régime for a great many years.

The last farmer even surpassed his predecessors in oppression and injustice. But education, though tardily, had begun to permeate even the agricultural classes, and Agrarian Leagues had rapidly been constituted throughout the land (though not in Casale-Litta itself), by the efforts of a few intrepid and devoted social reformers, who were striving to enlighten the peasants concerning their duties towards themselves and their families—that is to say, the bettering of their material and social position. The long-suffering agricultural slaves, thus becoming partially awakened to a clear conception of their rights, rose in indignation against their unjust oppressor, who, for fear of reprisals, was obliged to rescind his contract and go away. After much consideration, I became convinced that the time had come to abolish the middle-man or farmer, an institution flagrantly in opposition to all the sane rules of a liberal economy, as he was necessarily at best a parasite and therefore useless, living at the expense of both landlord and peasant. I decided for this purpose to rent the land directly to the peasants organized into a Society.

This Association is composed of the heads of the one hundred and twenty-eight families, who number more than a thousand souls and live on the estate. These families are allotted houses and lands in proportion to their size. They pay $3.25 per acre, house rent included, which is forty-eight per cent. less than the rent paid to the farmer, while the income received by the proprietor is unchanged, as the Society has leased the estate on the same terms as the out-going farmer. Besides this, the Society has deposited the usual guarantee, equal to one year's rent, which will be returned to it at the expiration of the lease, if the rents have been regularly paid, and if the property is found in a good condition by the Agricultural Engineer who examined it when it was given over to the Society.

The gain of the peasants is unquestionable. Over and above that extra forty-eight per cent. paid to the farmer, we must add that the peasants were obliged to furnish yearly a certain amount of chickens, capons, eggs, peaches, grapes, nuts, figs, hemp and flax, in proportion to the land they held, a remnant of the feudal

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"*redevances*" unjustly usurped by the farmer, who did not render in return the protection and consideration accorded to the serfs in olden times by their feudal Lords. Besides this, the farmer had the right to command the services of each peasant and of his ox-cart so many days each year, at a nominal wage ridiculously and shamefully low, and never paid for in money but placed to his account in diminution of his debt, as it was the farmer's interest to keep the peasants as subservient as possible by rendering it difficult for them to meet their liabilities.

Again, as all the land-rents were paid in kind—that is to say, in wheat, corn, barley, etc.—the farmer fixed at his discretion the price of these goods, naturally much below their actual market value; and as, by the contracts, he was entitled to collect their whole crop and sell it, returning to the peasants the surplus to which they had a right over and above their debts to him, all sorts of unlawful exactions were usually resorted to by the farmer to diminish as much as possible the gains of the peasants and increase his own revenue.

With the new organization, the Society pays the whole rent in money, each member contributing in proportion to his holding, and each peasant is at liberty to dispose at will of all his crops. For the entire period of the lease (twelve years), no peasant can be evicted from his farm, unless he fails to satisfy his dues to the Society through his own fault. The "*redevances*" of chicken, fruit, textile matters, etc., have been totally abolished, and the day's work, if the proprietor needs it, is paid for at a just rate that has been fixed by the Association.

The Society was legally chartered under the name of "*Società Agricola Contadini Litta,*" with the usual statutes and regulations, the principal among which are as follows. The Society is constituted for twelve years—that is, for the duration of the lease—with the object of furthering the moral, social and economical condition of its members, and of applying the most rational and modern agricultural methods to the cultivation of the soil. The Society is represented by the General Assembly and by a Board of Directors, fifteen in number, elected by ballot. This Board, in its turn, elects from among its members a President, a Vice-President and a Treasurer; it has the whole management of the affairs of the Society and is responsible to the General Assembly, which meets regularly at the end of each agricultural year

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(after the eleventh of November), discusses and passes the balance-sheet, provides money necessary to meet its obligations, and disposes of the profits. Each member has a suitable portion of land allotted to him, and is personally responsible to the Society for the rent of the land he holds; and all the members are responsible as a body and without limitations for the obligations assumed by the Society. In case of the death or the legal inhabilitation of one of the members, all the heirs are collectively responsible to the Society until a new head of the family has been chosen; and, in the case of divisions of property between heirs, resulting in the formation of new families not hitherto existing, the approbation of the Board of Directors is required. Arbiters, also elected by ballot, from whose decision there is no appeal, decide any differences that may arise among the members on matters pertaining to the land.

When this plan was made public, I was exposed to the fury and ridicule of the powerful and unscrupulous farmer class; but, notwithstanding their efforts, the experiment has so far proven a thorough success. The peasants have regularly paid their dues and a novel ease and affluence are visible among them. They have acquired a personal dignity and self-respect which is both touching and striking to those who knew their habitual stolid and surly manners, and the suspicion with which they seemed to regard every one with whom they came in contact, this being the natural outcome of centuries of ruthless oppression. This result is an extraordinary one, as the first year, in which they had to disburse a double rent (one for guarantee and one for the regular annual payment), was certainly the most difficult to pass, and they have shown themselves able to manage successfully very complicated collective interests.

Two or three other landlords have followed my example, and the progress of my Association has been watched with great interest throughout Italy, as it has experimentally proven to be the only practical and simple way by which, without in the slightest diminishing the income of the landlord, a more equitable, dignified and prosperous future has been offered to the peasants, enabling them to become free and useful members of society, and settling to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned the threatening Agrarian question.

LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

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THE UNIVERSITIES AND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. ASHLEY, OF THE FACULTY OF COMMERCE, BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

THE creation of a "Faculty of Commerce" in the new University of Birmingham, the industrial centre of the English Midlands, is one of the most striking manifestations of a new and most significant movement in university circles by no means confined to Great Britain. In each of the three great commercial countries of our time,—in the United States and in Germany, as well as in England,—the same needs are being felt by academic administrators, and the same problems are being faced. And in each, the movement is still in its experimental stage. In some directions, both the United States and Germany have preceded England; and England can learn something from their experience. But no country has a system to exhibit which other lands can simply copy: each must give its own mind to the task, and deal with the task as its own conditions suggest. What the University of Birmingham has done has been simply to indicate, by its bold employment of the term "Faculty," its opinion of the momentous character of the enterprise. The term suggests that the training of business men is as important for the community as the training of lawyers and doctors, and that Commerce needs to have its adequate and organized body of teachers in a great university just as much as Law or Medicine.

For what do the leaders in this new movement aim at? They aim at nothing less than the education of the future officers of the mercantile and industrial army; of those who will ultimately, as independent manufacturers and merchants, as members of firms, as directors or managers of companies, have to guide business policy, to make decisions, to run risks, to assume responsibility,

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to control men. It is, of course, hard to draw the line between the merely executory and the higher determining functions; and the great majority of business men have to pass through a period of subordination, in which they do little more than carry out the orders of their superiors, before they rise to positions of command. But the distinction in itself is a perfectly clear one; and it is the increasing perception of the distinction by men of affairs which is giving its bent to the new movement. For years past every large American city has had its "commercial college," where tens of thousands of industrious youths of both sexes have acquired the arts of bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting. Many of their pupils have risen to important positions; but this has been the result of their native qualities rather than of the instruction they received. The instruction itself has been adapted only to make them efficient servants of a very subordinate and executory grade —good clerks or bookkeepers, in short. The commercial schools which are dotted all over Germany are governmental institutions, and not simply private enterprises as in America; they have a longer and more systematic course, and a more ambitious programme; but they, also, have hitherto done scarcely more than turn out a vast army of painstaking clerks. Such an army is a valuable possession to a nation; almost as valuable as that other army of competent mechanics which a modern industrial state ought to possess; certainly not more valuable. Clerks and mechanics alike are even less capable than a crowd of privates would be of achieving any large success without efficient officers.

It is the American university which, even before the recent developments to which I shall shortly refer, has most nearly approached the solution of the problem. Let me make it clear at the outset that no educational machinery can possibly be devised which will pick out the altogether exceptional business genius: colleges can do nothing for the boy who begins by sweeping out the office and ends as an industrial magnate. All that the community can do for boys like him is to provide a sensible common-school system, with a sufficient number of evening classes and wisely-stocked public libraries. For an indefinite time to come there are likely to be many opportunities, here and there, for such exceptional boys to make their own way. But most business men—most even of the obviously fairly successful business men—don't begin by sweeping out the office. They come of commercial or professional

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stock; their parents can afford to give them the best available education; they need not hurry to "get out into the world." It is people like these for whom our measures of higher commercial education are, in the first instance, intended to provide. And the interesting peculiarity of the United States is this, that business men there, for the last two or three decades, have sent their sons to the universities in far larger number than either in Germany or England. The German universities prepare men chiefly for "the learned professions"—above all for governmental service and the legal career. Hitherto the mercantile classes have kept away; and when, occasionally, a boy is sent to the university who is destined for a business life, it is a common complaint that the university turns him into a jurist. The position of affairs is somewhat more satisfactory in England: the richer manufacturers and merchants are sending their sons to Oxford and Cambridge in increasing numbers—partly because they think the experience will itself be profitable, partly to secure social advantages. But it is still much more unusual for the average fairly prosperous business man to send up his son to college than it is in America.

The differences between the two great English universities on the one side and the dozen or more really considerable American universities on the other are deeply rooted in the history and institutions of the two countries, and no one explanation is at all sufficient. But after four years of service in the University of Toronto (which in many respects resembles an American State University) and nine years in the oldest and largest university of New England, namely Harvard, I am inclined to believe that one reason at any rate why business men in America have been more ready to send their sons to college is to be found in the wider range of interests covered by the instruction and the larger opportunity of selecting studies which stand in some sort of relation to a boy's after-life. Take, for instance, Economics. The very mention of the word reminds one of the astounding contrast between England and America in this one subject alone. Excellent work is being all the time produced by the few serious students of the subject in England, and their works are read with attention in American universities. But as a subject of undergraduate study Economics attracts but a scanty band at Cambridge, and at Oxford it is practically dead. This is not necessarily an indictment against either of these great seats of learn-

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ing: the traditions of English education, the trammels of the examination system—these and half a dozen other considerations must all be allowed for. And even if some good fairy could endow both the two old English universities with three or four Professors of Economics each, and bring them in this respect up to the level of Berlin or Harvard, it is to be feared that they might have to wait long before they obtained very big audiences. The English economists of to-day are bearing not only their own sins, but also the much heavier burden of the sins of their predecessors,—their predecessors of the cock-sure period, who, with all their admirable qualities, did manage to set up the backs of the business community, and left them up. I could hardly say that in America Economics is positively popular; but certainly its universities have not to reckon with the atmosphere of dislike and distrust towards the "science" which is so very evident in England. The consequence is that, in all the larger American universities, Economics is read by hundreds of students. At Harvard, for instance, the general introductory course is taken every year by some four hundred and fifty men. A good deal must doubtless be attributed in this case to the shrewd practical sense and the remarkable gifts of exposition which distinguish Professor Taussig. But the feeling prevalent at Harvard certainly exists in several other universities—that a general economic course,—as students have told me again and again,—is "a good thing for a fellow going into business." And the American universities do not stop, as the English are apt to do, at the general course. They always offer a number of special courses on such subjects as Railroad Transportation, Tariffs, Money and Banking. Such courses handle topics which have in the past furnished burning questions to American politics, and may easily produce them again; they necessarily introduce students to some of the larger phenomena of the commercial life of the time; they cannot but appear "practical"; and yet the reasoning they involve gives abundant opportunity for real mental discipline.

And,—this is a further point of importance,—the American student who wants to take two or three economic courses is not shut up to Economics for the rest of his work for the degree, or even to such kindred fields as History on the one side and Philosophy on the other. Under the Harvard elective system to which the other great universities are more and more approximat-

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ing, a young man who looks forward to a business career can, if he chooses, combine with his Economics the study of one or more Foreign Languages. He can do even more: he can select a number of courses in physical science, pure or applied; and, if he is going to be a manufacturer, he may be wise to do so. Such a case as that of the man who, taking my course on modern economic history, told me that he was also learning Spanish because he expected to deal with South-American customers, and Chemistry because his father manufactured—I forget what, would be absolutely impossible under the regulations that have hitherto prevailed in English universities. I am no out-and-out admirer of "the elective system"; I am certain it calls for a good deal more safeguarding than it has yet received. But surely for such a young man, the combination, surprising as it may seem, was a wise one. Nor was it necessarily despicable from the point of view of general culture. We in England have, perhaps, aimed too exclusively at general culture, and been content with utility as a by-product. It may be worth while to try the other policy. We may aim at utility; but if we take care to make the training thorough (the proviso is not unnecessary), we may look for no small amount of general culture as a by-product. The man who learns Spanish to sell to Spaniards may use it to read Cervantes; and the man who learns Chemistry to make soap may still be capable of appreciating the Atomic Theory.

Here, then, is one of the reasons why the business world is in closer touch with the university in America than in either England or Germany. It is because much has already been done there for commercial education, in a broad sense. But it may have been observed that what has been done has been largely incidental. The characteristics of the new movement now taking possession of one university after another are, firstly, the conscious and intentional grouping of courses with a direct view to the training of future business men; and, secondly, the supplementing of the instruction already given by courses dealing with aspects of business activity which have hitherto been left outside the range of college studies. It is this second feature which is most interesting; for, without it, there is a certain danger lest the new "Schools" or "Departments" should be only paper improvements—mere permutations and combinations of already existing elements. It is in these new subjects, also, that there is most room for experiment

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and most demand for fresh and independent thought. Take, for instance, the subject of Accounting. Obviously a course in the *interpretation* of accounts,—the criticism, for example, of a balance-sheet from the point of view of sound business policy,—may be made a valuable training in commercial common-sense. But it needs the greatest watchfulness at the start to prevent such a course from degenerating into a schoolboy bookkeeping, and thereby failing almost entirely in its object. So, again, it is evident that the economic teaching must necessarily, in one shape or another, come into closer touch with the larger problems of policy confronting business men in the course of their operations —questions, let us say, of capitalization, of extent of operations, of amalgamation, of combination, of reserves, and a score like them. But, thus conceived, the whole study of what may be called Private Economics (in no unworthy sense, for it involves the most far-reaching social consequences), has first to be created, by the collection of material already existing, and still more by the gathering of fresh material from the direct observation of commercial life. This work will require the best brains the universities can procure; and they will have to be well-paid brains, or else, like lawyers, they will be drawn away into practice. But the men who are creating the new university schools, men like Professor Scott, of the University of Wisconsin, and Professor Adams, of the University of Michigan, realize clearly enough the difficulty of the undertaking. One thing is certain: the movement is one to meet a want widely felt by the business community itself; and where, as in the University of Wisconsin, the school is being properly equipped with teachers and has a carefully thought-out programme, it is already drawing scores of boys to college whose fathers would otherwise have put them into the office or workshop at eighteen.

It is surprising, when one turns to Germany, to find to what an extent the movement for higher commercial education has broken away from the universities. Only one of the three important institutions at Leipzig, Frankfort and Cologne, the one, namely, at Leipzig, is closely associated with a university. The institution at Frankfort pursues other objects besides the training of business men. But the Cologne School, the most thorough-going experiment of the three, confines itself to the one purpose of commercial education; is entirely independent of other educa-

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tional organizations; and intends to be as well equipped and as self-sufficing as any of the great technical colleges of the Continent,—as Charlottenburg or Zürich. That commercial, like technical, colleges should thus set up for themselves has undoubtedly some immediate advantages; but the grave disadvantages are equally apparent. It is far healthier for society when young men, who are going into one particular career, can associate at the most impressionable period of their lives with men going into different pursuits. But the conditions which dominate the universities of Germany do not exist in America, and will not exist in the English provincial universities which the next decade will see established, not in Birmingham only, but in Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds as well.

And now I may be allowed to explain just what we hope to do in Birmingham. The new university expects soon to have all the main subjects of human interest represented among its teachers, and to be able to assist those who may come to it along all the chief avenues of culture. But it does not dream of rivalling the two older English universities in the studies peculiarly associated with them, like Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy and History. It will give its energies, and turn its resources, towards those fields in which they do little, and in which the loss of the amenities of college life is counterbalanced by the advantages derived from a position in the midst of a great industrial population. The Medical School, already not inconsiderable, will doubtless grow. It is as certain as anything can be that the university of Birmingham will be the home of great Engineering, Mining and Metallurgical Schools: for such objects the local authorities will be ready to expend public money, and there is crying need for properly qualified technical experts. The university will seek to provide the schools of the district with scholarly and yet practical Modern Language masters. It will offer to the local authorities of the Midlands, who are about to be intrusted with the control of primary education and a large influence over secondary, the assistance of its Department of Education in the work of co-ordination, inspection and reform. And, finally, it says to the substantial merchants and manufacturers of central England: "For your sakes we have established a Faculty of Commerce. We have organized a systematic three years' course of training which, we trust and believe, will make your sons better men of

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business. We cannot turn fools into wise men; men may have natural ability in abundance and yet not ability for that sort of life; and we cannot guarantee to put 'business sense' into everybody. The homely virtues of perseverance and punctuality we can, indeed, do something indirectly to cultivate. But boys will be boys; and all work makes Jack a dull lad; and we expect our students to get a good deal of wholesome pleasure out of their sports and societies. Nevertheless, the tone of the place will be one of steady work; business problems will be discussed in a business atmosphere; and if fathers will only tell their sons a little about their own affairs, and if the sons will use their eyes and ears in vacation as well as in term-time—we shall do what we can to help them to do so—our students will not be likely to get 'out of touch' with real life. We want you to break away from the old rule-of-thumb traditions, and intrust your sons to us—for a year to begin with, if you don't yet see your way to anything further. But let them come with a good school education to build upon, and be able to pass our Matriculation Examination or some similar test. And when we have got them, we shall bear in mind that 'Commerce' in the Midlands is not simply an importing and exporting business, as at Liverpool, nor one of staple manufacture, as at Manchester. It is an extraordinarily varied range of manufactures and merchandising; and, accordingly, our curriculum will be very elastic, and every student's course of study will to a considerable extent be determined by his prospects or aptitudes. The study of contemporary industrial and mercantile conditions in all parts of the British Empire and in the great rival countries of Europe and America; Accounting from the most elementary bookkeeping to the deepest scrutiny of the most complicated financial statements; Foreign Languages for correspondence, for conversation, and for the unlocking of foreign sources of information; Commercial Law; such Physical Science as may, in any particular case, be practically useful; these and half a dozen other cognate subjects in varying measure enter into our scheme. But the centre of it all will be the courses dealing directly with the practical questions of business policy; and it is our conviction that courses of this nature can actually be constructed which will not only give information,—though this is important enough,—but also train the reasoning powers and strengthen the judgment."

W. J. ASHLEY.

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IS THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY ON THE WANE?

BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BT.

In various quarters and in various ways, interest attaches to the question whether the British aristocracy is, as an institution, on the wane.

Thirty or forty years ago, there were hardly two opinions on the subject. Almost everybody believed that "aristocracy" was, as a political if not as a social force, nearly played out. On this point, men of various opinions were substantially agreed; some regretted, some feared, some welcomed the prospect which all alike anticipated. The era of popular government had set in in Great Britain as in other countries; the new many-headed master was to grow and develop, to become more and more conscious of his strength, and at last to use that strength in establishing his supremacy. The rising flood of democracy was to swamp and overwhelm all other authorities than its own. The deluge would sweep all before it. The near future was to bring the disestablishment and spoliation of the Church, it was to see the abolition of the House of Lords, even perhaps of the Throne, though the possibility was conceded that the latter, as a sort of decorative and comparatively inexpensive figure-head of the state, might be suffered to remain at least for a while. Those were the palmy days of Little Englandism, when the principles of Cobden were regarded as part of the appointed order of the universe.

But these prognostications of revolution failed of verification. Reform Act has followed Reform Act, the masses of the people have been enfranchised, a good many Parliaments have been elected on various issues, and all with this sum of results:—the Church stronger than ever and disestablishment removed from the field of practical politics; the House of Lords so powerful as successfully to have withstood, and to have won emphatic

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popular approval in withstanding, the principal legislative measure of the strongest Minister of modern times; the Throne visibly and beyond a doubt more deeply rooted in the hearts of the people than at any previous period of our history; and, for the rest, Little Englandism absolutely discredited, Imperialism an accepted creed, and even Cobdenism sensibly weakened.

It would seem, then, that a wholly inaccurate survey was taken in those days of the national situation, present and to come. The root of the error lay in reliance on an analogy which proved to be false. It was thought that the British people, under a given set of circumstances, would behave just as the people of other countries behaved under like circumstances. In particular, the example of France was supposed to have shown that to entrust political power to the masses was like playing with fire in the midst of inflammable materials. The event proved the exact opposite, so far as Great Britain is concerned. The Franchise Acts of 1867-1885 have had as their sequel the maintenance in power of the Tory party for twenty years out of thirty-five. The one statesman who had correctly foreseen the future was Mr. Disraeli, whose knowledge of the British people was deeper than that of most of his contemporaries. He believed that the extension of political power would bring an increase of stability to the state; that not only the Throne but the aristocracy would emerge from the coming ordeal with even enhanced prestige and with renewed vitality. Mr. Disraeli, too, avoided the common error of identifying the aristocracy exclusively with the titled classes. He thoroughly appreciated the position of what has been termed the Squirearchy. From time immemorial, as recent investigation seems to show, the nobility and the gentry have constituted but one class. Sir George Sitwell, in an article recently contributed to the *Ancestor,* which has attracted a considerable amount of attention, has given good reasons for believing that in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were, to speak broadly, but two classes—the "*nobiles,*" who included the earls, barons, knights, esquires and franklins, and the "*ignobiles,*" or villeins, citizens and burgesses. There was no distinction of blood between noblemen and gentlemen. Their class was one, some members of it being more notable but not more noble than others. In the broader, which is also the proper, sense of the term, the aristocracy includes both its titled and untitled members. The true

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definition of a "gentleman," Sir George Sitwell tells us, is a freeman whose ancestors have always been free. "In blood he represents the unconquered tribesman of Germany or Britain, and in name the ancient liberty of Rome." The same writer adds: "Even the most earnest Radical will hardly repress some feeling of respect for the families which clung to freedom, or fought for it, when most of the world was enslaved, nor ever 'bowed their heads for meat in the evil days.'" But, he notes further, "No one whose forefathers have ever been held in bondage can possibly come under the terms of the definition; we are thus driven to the painful but irresistible conclusion that quite twenty-five per cent. of our peers are not 'gentlemen.'"

When, therefore, the question is propounded, whether the British aristocracy is or is not becoming decadent with respect to its position in the country, it should be understood that the scope of the inquiry is not to be narrowed down to the Peerage. The ranks of the titled classes are, indeed, constantly being recruited from those of the untitled aristocracy. This is no new departure. After the old feudal tenures had disappeared centuries ago, there arose the new titled aristocracy created by the Tudors, and endowed principally out of alienated church property. Another epoch at which there was a large influx of "new men" into its ranks—including a certain number of needy Dutch immigrants—was that of William of Orange. Yet a third was inaugurated by the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne. These three periods of political unrest gave birth to that truly wonderful galaxy, the Whig peerage, which evolved an oligarchy composed of a limited number of aristocratic families, united with each other by ties of blood and intermarriage. The Whig supremacy for long periods overshadowed, not only the House of Lords, but also the House of Commons. This state of things, so far from being terminated or modified by the first Reform Act of 1832, received at that time a new lease of life, the ennobled Whigs attracting to their support the political dissenters and the newly enfranchised ten-pound householders of the lower middle class. The Whig domination, except during a few brief intervals, continued to prevail until the results of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Act of 1867 began to make themselves felt at the General Election of 1874. The new democratic suffrage, while it broke the back of Whig ascendency, has ever since belied utterly the forebodings of

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those who assumed that it would prove hostile to the old order. The British democracy has steadily, and with ever increasing emphasis, refused to accept irreligious education, to consent to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, to despoil the Church, to attack the House of Lords, to weaken the Throne, or to tolerate the betrayal of the Empire beyond the seas. The effectual clipping of the wings of the old Whig oligarchy was an automatic result of the extension of the franchise, which ended the practical monopoly of political power enjoyed by a mere section of the peerage, in alliance with a class identified with political Dissent.

But that this by no means implied a general hostility on the part of the masses towards the aristocracy as a whole is evident from the significant facts already cited. Whence, then, arose the idea of the gradual waning of the power of the aristocratic class?

So far as this notion has behind it an element of truth, the phenomenon on which it rests is due to several causes. The aristocracy, titled and untitled alike, is essentially connected with the land, and he who runs may read, in large black letters, what has happened to the land and to agriculture in recent years. Agriculture has suffered from foreign competition; the landed interest has suffered with it. Land is going out of cultivation; agricultural labor is increasingly scarce; the laborers, from these as well as from other causes, flock to the towns; the country districts are partially depopulated. Here, in a nutshell, lies one cause of the lessening of the influence of the territorial aristocracy. Meanwhile, the older aristocracy find themselves jostled by the new power of the plutocracy to a large extent cosmopolitan in its character. Socially, the barriers between ranks and classes have been to a large extent broken down, not only by the irruption of people from other social grades into the ancient preserves of the patricians, but by the entry of the latter into commercial pursuits which in former years were outside their ken. A well-known French diplomat remarked not long ago on the (to him) anomaly of a Peer of the Realm taking part in a debate in the great historic chamber of his order, and within an hour afterwards doffing, as it were, his robes and coronet, and being found "operating" on the floor of the Stock Exchange. It cannot be doubted that this blurring of the old lines of social division has involved a real diminution of aristocratic influence. Education, too, has brought men of various social strata together, and in the

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composite mass thus formed the aristocratic element has suffered a process of partial submersion.

A superficial survey might tend, indeed, to enforce this conclusion to an undue extent. In Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, the man whose name is written in the sacred volume of Gotha is always and everywhere accorded differential treatment, in strict accordance with his rank and status. But in London, and even more in Paris and New York, the greatest territorial magnate or quasi-feudal overlord will, outside the bounds of his own house, find his claims to social consideration subjected to rigid limitations. Thus there really might seem to be some justification for the impression that the patrician order in England has been distinctly lowered, if not buried under a mixed mass of plutocratic and cosmopolitan influences.

The answer is that, while there is a modicum of truth in this view of the matter, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it constitutes anything like the whole truth. In a country such as England, real political power must in the last resort be measured by the number of parliamentary votes which it controls. That territorial influence of the most effective kind actually exists in Great Britain is an undoubted fact. Great land-owners, like the Dukes of Buccleuch and Sutherland, for example, must always wield enormous power within their own domains. Some remarkable details illustrative of the point were forthcoming after the General Election of 1885, memorable as the first election at which the newly-enfranchised agricultural laborers recorded their votes. How much of the old feudal feeling still remained in the country districts was shown by the return to Parliament, even in quite Radical districts, of Conservative landlords well known to and resident among their own people.

These electoral incidents were at the time rightly regarded as furnishing striking testimony to a fact which has since been amply demonstrated, that the masses of the people retain their regard for the lords of the soil, at any rate if and when that regard continues to be deserved.

Nor are these the only signs indicating the same conclusion. In the opinion of many, the Local Government Act of 1888, which established the County Councils, was destined to mark a great diminution in the influence of the territorial aristocracy. But this anticipation, like others of the same kind, has been sig-

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nally falsified. Throughout the country, the land-owners have been chosen by their fellow-citizens to take a leading part in the administration of Local Government—an example that has proved so infectious that many of the cities and boroughs have, of late years, for the first time in their annals, insisted on electing Peers to fill the office of Mayor.

Meanwhile, the personal constitution of the House of Commons to this day, as ever in the long and illustrious history of the Mother of Parliaments, points the same moral. A very large proportion of Members of Parliament is still made up of members of old aristocratic families, whose time-honored names are thus continuously identified with the conduct of public affairs.

But what is, perhaps, the most convincing proof of the esteem and respect in which the British aristocracy is deservedly held has still to be adduced. The power of the ancient leaders of the English people may lie dormant, or seemingly dormant, as they abide quietly on their estates, spending their lives apart from the bustle and clamor and self-advertisement of so-called "smart society." But only let critical junctures occur in the national affairs, and then their true position instantly reasserts itself.

A situation such as that which gave rise to the call to arms in the dark days of the December of 1899, affords a fair test of the national characteristics and national feeling. In an instant, it seemed as though the whole complexion of English society had undergone a transformation. The indifferent, the idlers, the cosmopolitan throng, the men and the women immersed in the pursuit of pleasure or of personal gain, were thrust aside into insignificance and oblivion, while into the arena, before the anxious gaze of the whole nation, stepped the long line of men who heard no call save that of duty, who forgot every motto except that of "Queen and Country." What, then, at that supreme moment proved to be the influence, what was the action, of the territorial magnates? It seems almost invidious to make any selection from a roll of great land-owners, many of whom had already given of their bravest and their best to the cause, and who now flung themselves with ardor into the work of raising the various local contingents imperatively required to supplement the regular forces. To quote but a few names of those who have a real and permanent stake in the country, the Duke of Atholl, the Earls of Clarendon, Lonsdale, and Harewood, Lord Galway, Lord Valen-

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tia, Sir Savile Crossley, Sir Watkin Wynn spent their days in a sort of house-to-house visitation of their tenantry and their dependants, recruiting, sifting, inspecting, equipping. "*Nobiles*" like the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, Lord Cranborne, Lord Chesham, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Lovat, Colonel Bromley-Davenport almost reproduced before our eyes the old feudal arrangement by which the mediæval lords personally led their own retainers in the field.

The patriotic services thus rendered by the true aristocracy, coupled with the devoted personal self-sacrifice which their class, in comradeship with other classes of the community, showed during the South-African struggle, have done much to knit together the various social strata in fresh and closer bonds of mutual sympathy and respect.

The ranks of the titled classes, as has already been observed, are continually filled with fresh recruits. Time was when distinguished merit or public service did not always constitute a claim to a peerage. Great soldiers and sailors, distinguished statesmen and eminent jurists received the honor; but they had to share it with political partisans, court intriguers and inconvenient members of the House of Commons. Of late years, the system of selection has, to an increasing extent, been based on better principles, and it is not too much to say that promotion to the House of Lords is, in these days, a means of making the Upper Chamber thoroughly representative of all that is best and worthiest in the community. The titled aristocracy has everything to gain by such additions to its numbers as Lord Wolseley, Lord Kelvin, Lord Armstrong, Lord Kitchener, Lord Goschen, Lord Avebury, Lord Strathcona, Lord Rothschild—men who seek to maintain at its highest point the standard of English tradition in all its purity, and who contribute to the national credit their great assets of valor, of intellect, of statesmanship, of culture, of experience, of political and commercial honor; men who, indeed, were by nature and in the strictest sense of the term aristocrats before ever they were formally ennobled by letters patent.

So long as the leaders in the land base their claim to lead on a sense of responsibility incurred and duty to be done, there is little fear that they will find themselves bereft of honor and support.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

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SHALL WE REDUCE THE IRON AND STEEL TARIFF?

BY ARCHER BROWN.

HAS the time come for a reduction of the iron and steel tariff? There is good reason to believe that the manufacturer is now ready with his answer and that it is in the affirmative, provided his workmen are also ready. He believes that the sacrifices required from labor would be moderate, and that what would be lost to-day would be amply compensated for, taking the years together, by the greater stability that would be given to the industry through avoidance of the fluctuations which in the past have caused alternating feast and famine. The owner of the American furnace and mill knows the superiority of his labor over that employed by European rivals. He knows that the natural resources of this country provide cheaper and more abundant raw materials than are found elsewhere in the world. He knows that the facilities for assembling these at centres of manufacture are not matched in any country. He even thinks himself more forceful and capable than his European rival in the essential element of business management. He is satisfied that these factors of advantage will warrant him in paying much higher wages than are paid in Europe, without losing his home market or wholly sacrificing foreign trade.

But *how much* higher wages can he pay without the friendly shelter of the tariff wall? Herein lies the whole tariff question, so far as it relates to the American iron and steel industry.

To get the subject properly before us, it is important to know how large is the factor of wages in the cost of steel and iron products; how the wages paid in this country at present compare with those in England and Germany, our leading rivals; what is the relative efficiency of labor on the two sides of the ocean; how

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essential an export trade is as a steadying factor in the industry; how far domestic consumption is influenced by high and low prices; what is likely to be the attitude of organized labor to the question of reduced protection; how the problem is affected by the great consolidations of recent years; and how deep and lasting might be the injury to the business by a general agitation of tariff changes.

The present duty on foreign ore is 40 cents a ton; on pig iron $4.00 a ton; on steel rails, $6.72 per net ton; on structural steel, $10 per net ton. Other schedules are in proportion. At this writing, steel rails are $28 at Pittsburg, but only for deliveries late in 1903; No. 2 foundry pig iron averages about $21 a ton in eastern and western markets; structural steel rules at $40, and merchant bars at $35 per ton in Pittsburg and New York.

English pig iron,—Middlesboro No. 3,—is worth about $11.50 at furnaces in the Cleveland District, freight to Atlantic Coast ports averaging $2 a ton. German pig iron, of better quality, brings $14 at Antwerp or Rotterdam, with $2 freight. Foreign brands, therefore, can pay the duty and undersell our home product from Maine to New Orleans, on the eastern seaboard, and, with favorable freight rates, reach well into the interior. For months past, the arrivals of pig iron have averaged 12,000 to 15,000 tons a week. The American demand has been the chief factor in supporting English and German markets.

Foreign steel rails are delivered at both Atlantic and Pacific Coast points, duty paid, at below the parity of Pittsburg price. The same is true of billets, structural steel and many other forms. The importations in this line also are an important feature in supporting European markets at a time of great depression. A recent American visitor to certain steel works on the Rhine and in Belgium was told that practically the entire current product was going on American orders. The total importation of iron and steel this year will approximate 1,000,000 tons, or more than the entire export movement of the year 1900, which so alarmed English and European makers. Under these conditions, the export trade in steel and iron products, except machinery and certain highly finished forms, is practically dead.

The prices of home products above noted are from sixty to eighty per cent. above the low levels of the five years following the panic; and are thirty to forty per cent. above the average of

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the past twenty years. They are recognized by all conservative men as too high for the permanent good of the trade. Under their influence wages have been carried to the highest point ever paid in the history of the industry, and demands are now before manufacturers in many parts of the country for still further advances. Labor rightly feels that it is entitled to its share of the fat things that are going. The railroads are not slow to put in their claim for higher rates, to make good the cost of higher wages which they have been called upon to pay. The miners of coal and makers of coke recognize an opportunity to make up for small profits in past years, and so on through the list of items comprised in the cost of the product. We have already advanced our costs, under this cumulative process, an average of forty to fifty per cent., as compared with 1898, and apparently we are not yet through. No great sagacity is required to see the danger in such a situation. Either the new additions to the price structure must come down, or the tariff must be maintained at its full; for, without ample protection, many of our mills and furnaces could not to-day meet the foreign material in our home markets and come out whole. Needless to say, our over-the-sea rivals are rapidly regaining their lost markets, and as rapidly losing their fear of the great American Peril, at least so far as iron and steel are concerned.

It is not the purpose here to discuss the causes of the tremendous American consumption which has so swiftly reversed international conditions. They are familiar enough to intelligent observers—the long pent up demand due to years of financial uncertainty and enforced economy; the great leap forward in all constructive enterprises, with the return of confidence and the accumulation of wealth from the soil and mines; the necessity for the doubling of the capacity of manufacturing plants and for the rebuilding and equipping of our great systems of railroad. It is part of the well-known history of the past, in which periods of depression and elation have alternated, until iron has established its reputation of being either a prince or a pauper. The question is, whether by adjusting our industrial régime to the rest of the world, we may not, with financial heresies and other dangers of the past disposed of, find a safer and more permanent level for national prosperity.

How much of the cost of a ton of pig iron or steel is represented

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by wages? The usual figuring of economic writers and government statisticians is misleading. One of the ablest of New York editorial writers recently showed from the census bulletin that of $100 of American manufactures less than $18 represented wages paid. Of a dozen leading industries, the wages item in the highest was 44 per cent.; in two it was 25 per cent.; in one 24 per cent.; in two 22 per cent., and in seven others it ranged from 20 down to 9 per cent. The argument followed that wages have not the important relation to tariff discussion that is sometimes claimed. A complete analysis of the cost of a ton of pig iron will serve to show how superficial is such reasoning. At first glance, the items of cost divide somewhat as follows, assuming the total cost to be $14 at Pittsburg: Ore, $7; coke, $4; limestone and other materials $1; labor, $1.25; repairs, taxes and incidentals, 75 cents. Labor appears to be about 11 per cent. of the whole. But push the analysis further. How much of the cost of the ore profits omitted is labor? All except the royalty of, say 25 cents per ton. How much of the cost of the coke is labor? All except the royalty of 10 cents per ton on coal in the ground. The limestone and supplies similarly dissolve into ninety parts of labor to ten of other items. Even the transportation which enters into the delivered price of raw materials is sixty to seventy per cent. labor. So, if the inquiry be pushed to the limit, it will be found that of the actual cost of a ton of iron (eliminating all profits) everything is resolved into labor except taxes, interest, royalties and insurance. These items aggregate barely five per cent. in some districts and seldom reach ten per cent. anywhere. A complete analysis of the cost of a ton of steel rails or structural material shows practically the same result. When the scale of wages begins ascending, the advance which the foundryman or mill man pays his own men is but an insignificant fraction. But the rate of coal mining goes up perhaps from forty to sixty cents a ton, with a corresponding increase of wages of coke makers. The first cost of fuel is then up fifty per cent. The ore miners and handlers get a like increase; lake transportation is higher; railroad rates are higher; the smaller supplies are affected by the same causes, until presently the whole foundation structure of raw materials is up one half, and prices must be advanced accordingly to the ultimate consumer. This is precisely what we have witnessed in the iron trade in the past twelve months.

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How fundamental and far-reaching are the consequences of these rapid changes in the values of a commodity so essential to industrial progress as iron, can with difficulty be realized. It means, for one thing, an increase of fifty per cent in the capital required to carry on the business, and already the note sounded by Mr. Vanderlip at New Orleans warns us that this is felt in the financial world. It means a great enhancement of cost of all construction work into which iron and steel enter—high buildings, ships, railroad equipment and extension; electrical lines; new manufacturing plants, machinery, etc. Sooner or later, new work inevitably slackens because of the cost. Consumption is checked. There is pressure for orders. Prices decline; and they do not have to decline far before they are below the artificially built cost level. Then follows the reaction; the retracing of hasty steps; the enforced reductions; the closing of plants, to start again when labor and transportation make the needed concessions; and, finally, the slow rebuilding of markets from a low level. All this is familiar history; but is it necessary? Is it surprising that, with each recurring episode of the sort, the stable and conservative interests of the trade sternly resolve to prevent abnormal fluctuations in the future?

Having shown how important is the factor of wages in the cost of all iron and steel products, let us try to ascertain how the wages now paid in this country compare with those of our leading rivals across the ocean. I may add, on this head, that the figures which follow are not drawn from statistical reports, whether government or private, but are the result of direct correspondence with large employers of labor in the several countries named. We may begin with coal mining, the foundation of the industry. A man of broad opportunities for information in the several districts writes from the Pocahontas field in West Virginia:

"Good miners can earn and are earning every month, in both the Connellsville and West Virginia regions, from $100 to $150 per month. This in addition to their store accounts, which average $25 a month. The average wages earned by the ordinary miner are about $75 a month, exclusive of store account. The first-mentioned miners are steady and reliable, and put in eight hours work daily. All the operations have a class of miners that only earn from $25 to $40 a month, besides store account. The average wages of mule drivers, track layers, coke pullers, etc., is about $1.50 per day, though coke drawers, paid by the oven, earn as high as $4 a day."

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In Great Britain, according to the report from an equally well-informed authority, wages are as follows:

"Coal miners are paid in England on the average six shillings and eight pence per day. Hours, 9 per day from bank to bank. Wales, 7 shillings per day, 9 hours from bank to bank. Scotland, 5 shillings and 6 pence per day, 9 hours from bank to bank."

The report from a mining authority in Charleroi gives Belgian wages as follows:

"Average earnings of miners and '*bourleurs*,' 6 francs; hewers, about 5 francs; drawers, 3½ francs. The working day of miners is limited to 10 hours. Men in other departments of labor work from 11½ to 12 hours."

Turning to Germany, a correspondent in Friedenshuette writes that the average wages of a male workman in Upper Silesia in the year 1901 was for 284 working days as follows: In bituminous coal mining, 1030 marks ($245.14); ore mining, 730 marks ($173.74); in zinc and lead ore mining, 870 marks ($207.06).

A large Luxembourg employer states that in furnace work a melter, working 11 hours, makes 63 cents to $1.10; the so-called *rouleur*, 74 cents; a common workman 63 cents. In the rolling mill, a workman, according to the importance of his task, gets from 81 cents to $1.60 per day. Returning to Scotland, a Glasgow correspondent gives wages of iron moulders in foundries as 9 pence per hour, 51 hours a week, say $9 weekly wage. Puddlers and rollers in rolling mills have the same scale throughout Great Britain—average time per day, 10 hours. Puddlers earn on an average nine shillings ($2.16) a day. Rough steel rollers make from 10 to 15 shillings a day. Iron rollers (a favored class in all countries) earn about 30 shillings a day, out of which a helper is paid. Puddling and rolling is all piecework, as in this country. In Switzerland, there are no mines and but few mills, but many important foundries and engineering works. In these, hours are longer and wages smaller than in similar work in Germany.

Wages in the various branches of iron and steel work in the United States are not uniform, and, being very largely made up on piece-work, are not easy to reduce to uniform day-earnings. The influence of trades unions is often exerted to restrict the output of the best workmen, and the tendency is steadily towards the shortening of hours. The aristocrat of labor, the boss roller in Western mills, makes from $12 to $20 per day, out of which he

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pays his helper. Puddlers make, on the Amalgamated scale, at Pittsburg from $6 to $7 per day. In the East, the rate being less, the average wage is about $5. Moulders in foundries seldom make less than $2.75 per day; and a good workman, unrestricted by shop rules, can make $4 per day of eight hours. Machinists get from $2.50 to $6.00 per day, average about $3.75. Blast furnacemen (not counted skilled labor) earn from $1.50 to $2.25 per day, according to grade of work. Common labor rules about the same, whether at the blast furnace, or rolling mill, or foundry. It is seldom paid less than $1.50, nor more than $1.75 per day. In ore-mining, wages differ widely in the several districts, but as four-fifths of the mining is done in the Lake Superior district, the rates there may be said to govern. A good miner seldom makes less than $50 per month, according to the president of one of the largest ore companies; the average is fully $60 per month.

By comparison of above figures, it will be seen that American miners and iron and steel workers receive from two and one-half to three times as much wages as corresponding workmen in Continental countries, and fully double those paid in Great Britain. And it can be added that there is scarcely a mine or shop in the United States in which the question of further wage advances is not up to-day in some form or other; while in Europe, according to latest consular and other reports, the tendency is distinctly downward, owing to general business depression. How much of this tremendous disparity can be made up by the admitted superiority of American labor? A considerable percentage, no doubt; but it would be a rash enthusiast who would put it as high as 50 per cent. If it be said that our superior plant, with its marvels of improved machinery and labor-saving devices, compensates for the great difference still against us, it must be answered that Germany and Great Britain have gone to school to us to some purpose in the past eighteen or twenty-four months, and they too are bringing their plants to the modern standard. They can build blast furnaces and steel works in Great Britain or in Germany to-day at less than half the cost of like works in America. The former prejudice against adopting new methods and new machinery, after American models, has given place to an eager desire to rival us by copying what is best in our engineering. Already there is an advance in furnace and mill practice that affords a marked contrast to what American visitors observed

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three and even two years ago. If we are honest with ourselves, therefore, we must admit that the greater efficiency of American labor does not, even when re-enforced by our larger natural resources and our more modern plant, make up the disparity in wages.

It is the judgment of many large manufacturers and students of the trade that we have now come to the parting of the ways. We must either abandon the hope of a world trade in iron and steel, which so inspired public writers after the great export movement of 1900, and devote our energies to our vast domestic trade, or we must reconstruct the whole fabric of cost, made up, as we have shown, of ninety per cent. wages. If the former policy be deemed best, there surely should be no lowering of any tariff schedule. There will be need in some places, perhaps, to raise it, for English pig iron can be laid down at our seaboard cities to-day at prices which some furnaces can barely meet, buying materials in the market, and paying the further advances in wages and transportation that are pending as these words are written.

It is held by some very practical people that this vast country, with its limitless possibilities of growth, affords a sufficient market for our steel and iron industries, leaving the neutral markets of the world to the countries which do not enjoy "American conditions of labor." It is believed, however, by most of us that a world trade is our manifest destiny, and is a necessity if the long periods of depression experienced in the past are to be avoided in the future. It is obvious that we must sooner or later choose between these alternatives. The awakening of the dormant nations of the world will call for great and increasing quantities of structural material, machinery and the like. The vast sums to be paid for these will go to Europe or to America. Is it not better, in the long run, for our workmen and mill owners that they come here, even at lower profits for masters and more modest wages for men?

Again, experience has proven that domestic consumption cannot long be continued on a large scale on prices far above the normal level. In each decade in the past there have been one or two years of boom, three or four years of normal business, and four or five years of depression. It is probably impossible to avoid the massing of demand in certain years when the most favorable conditions prevail, and to prevent the enhancement of prices that

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follows; but it is the universal testimony of makers that these boom years are as demoralizing in their results as the years of low prices and small profits. Steady and normal markets are desired by all. Can we reasonably look for these and maintain a cost basis far above the rest of the world?

It must be recognized, indeed, that it takes something more than argument to bring down wages. Every branch of the iron and steel industry is organized into labor unions. While many of these workmen would welcome lower tariffs on articles which they consume, and while they belong largely to the political party which opposes the protective system, there is no reason to believe that they would look with favor on lowering the labor cost of iron. On the contrary, it is safe to assume that they will resist any and every attempt at wage reductions. These must come, as they have in the past, through the hard process of declining markets, followed by the closing of mills and furnaces, with the consequent idleness and suffering of men. The weapon of strikes so effectually used in rising markets will no longer avail. The manufacturer whose product is costing more than he can get for it will be only too glad to suspend operations until underlying conditions are changed.

Assuming, then, that tariff reductions are desirable but can only be brought about by concessions of wage earners, which concessions we know in advance will not be made, how are we going to deal with the deadlock that is created? One remedy is to make the men partners in the business. Skilled and self-respecting workmen who desire to get ahead should be encouraged to become stockholders in the corporations they serve. There are difficulties in the development of this idea well understood by all large employers of men. Indifference and ingratitude have been encountered in past co-operative experiments that have discouraged the projectors. Overtures are met with suspicion. The most trivial mandate of a trades union is apt to be obeyed, as against wise and liberal plans of employers for improving the condition of workmen and their families. This was painfully demonstrated in the experience of the National Cash Register Co., at Dayton, Ohio, within the past year. But in most of these experiments of profit-sharing and amelioration in the past, the independence of labor, so much prized and exalted, has not been fully guarded. It was proved at Pullman that many employees

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would rather walk long distances, and take inferior houses at higher cost, than live in company houses under wholesome restrictive rules. Waiving all paternal regulations and making a partner of the wage earner, to share in the ups and downs of the business, will appeal to American manhood. With fixed wages secure in dull times, and with good wages *plus* dividends in prosperous times, the workman could no longer say that prosperity was for the employer, not for him. Judging from the deposits that are piled up in savings banks at industrial centres, labor could, if it desired, soon become a powerful factor in the ownership and control of great corporations of the country that employ labor. That the companies themselves would welcome such joint ownership, there is the best of reason to believe. Indeed, it can be said that certain powerful interests in the iron and steel industry are at this moment with great care maturing plans in this general direction. Difficulties, of course, will be met, chief among them suspicion as to the motives of the employer. The most regrettable feature in the labor situation to-day is lack of sympathy and understanding between masters and men. And it ought to be remarked here that the fault is not alone with the men. But the difficulties can be overcome by liberality and patience. The men should be given their stock on a basis as low as the most favored banker and promoter. If market slumps afford opportunities for buying in dividend-paying securities on a still lower basis, a way should be found in each corporation for taking such shares off the market, and giving them to loyal and efficient workmen at cost, carrying deferred payments on low interest rates, if need be. It is hard to imagine a strike sentiment gathering force in a mill or factory in which the leading workmen were stockholders.

The clamor heard in certain quarters for reduction of the iron and steel schedules because of the consolidation of great interests, is based on a very poor knowledge of the facts. It is safe to say that, unless better reasons exist, the tariff will stand for a long time. There is no semblance of monopoly in any important branch of the trade. Competition is as free and unrestricted as it was before the era of consolidations. The United States Steel Corporation controls vast quantities of raw materials which are of great and increasing value, but it has no monopoly of these. Its rivals, in proportion to their size, are nearly as well provided, and there is an abundance of good coking coal and Bessemer ores

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left for new enterprises which may yet be formed. The influence of the Steel Corporation, as every one knows, has been exerted not to force prices up, but rather to hold them down. This has been a steadying factor in a market in which demand has been largely in excess of supply. It may prove, when the lean years come again, that the great consolidations will be better fortified than the smaller companies, and overwhelm them. But there are two sides to that question. It may also prove that the minor companies, managed by their owners, well supplied with raw materials, with small capitalization and light fixed charges, and with modern well-equipped plants, will weather storms as well as the huge craft. At any rate competition is and will remain as free in iron as in groceries or grain.

The only monopoly in iron and steel manufacture (or any other manufacture) that can thrive in this country is the kind referred to in the late lamented Thomas B. Reed's article on the tariff in the December number of the REVIEW. It is that based upon the ability to produce cheaper and sell cheaper than any other maker. For the real thing in monopoly we must go to Germany, where close syndicates control prices in nearly every branch of the trade. By these tight arrangements home prices are held at agreed levels, and a fund created to pay a liberal bonus to members who export the surplus. Thus the exporter of German pig iron now coming to our shores gets two to three dollars a ton from the syndicate treasury. Like arrangements govern the export of steel. The threatened dissolution of one of these syndicates recently had a notably depressing effect upon iron shares on the Berlin Bourse. It is too early yet to judge what the effect of the large consolidations will be upon our markets, when conditions again become reactionary, but so far it has been beneficial to both producer and consumer.

The injurious consequences of tariff agitation upon general business need not be recalled to those who have memories. And this is a factor that can not be overlooked in the discussion. Capital dreads uncertainty almost as much as war. The question, once well opened up in Congress and the public press, must be debated from one end of the land to the other. The "Iowa idea" and the "Connecticut idea" will come into keen conflict. The manufacturer of knit goods and cheap jewelry in the East who wants to drive the French maker out, will be in direct antagonism

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to the Chicago manufacturer of harvesters, who wants to push his machines into France and Germany. Congress will be a storm centre for many weary months, if no means can be devised for taking the question out of politics. That business would languish while this fight was in progress, and for some time after, no one doubts. It is this which gives weight to the advice of Republican leaders to let well enough alone. It is for this reason that the business world takes kindly to the President's suggestion of a Tariff Commission with large powers.

To sum up: American iron and steel makers want a broad stable market. A world market, including the home market, is better than the home market alone. Moderate prices are necessary to secure and hold export trade. Moderate prices tend to increase domestic consumption. Extreme fluctuations tend to restrict it. Moderate prices depend on low cost of manufacture. In iron and steel, wages are over ninety per cent. of the cost. We are now paying nearly three times the wages of our largest and most vigorous rival, and about double the wages of our next strongest competitor. Further wage advances are asked and expected. Our labor is better, our natural advantage greater, but neither is invincible. We have already lost our foreign trade in the leading forms of iron manufacture. We can not long retain the other forms under present conditions. Our largest export manufacturers are already planning to build plants abroad to secure cheaper labor and materials wherewith to hold their trade. American labor is entitled to and will always get the best pay in the world. But there are limits. These limits are properly set, not by a tariff wall, but by the greater productive energy of our labor and the greater abundance of our raw materials. While the tariff has been necessary to develop those resources, high schedules are no longer needed by the manufacturer. They tend to create booms and prolong depressions. American labor will fare better if wages do not rise so high nor descend so low. Tariff agitation disturbs business. Business is now at high tide. The iron and steel schedules should be cut in two, but by a graduated scale, to avoid shock. Otherwise history will repeat itself. The structure will be overloaded and break.

ARCHER BROWN.

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GREATER GERMANY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

NEARLY two years have passed since the present Secretary of War declared that the hour was coming when the American people would be forced either to abandon the Monroe Doctrine or to fight for it, adding as an expression of personal opinion that we should never abandon it. This statement, emphasized as it was by a vigorous speech from Senator Lodge pointing more specifically to the development of German colonies as a possible menace to the integrity of Brazil, and consequently as an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, created, as will be remembered, widespread excitement at the time. Such discussion as followed in the press and in Congress did not go very deep. The profuse protestations which came from Berlin were, as a matter of fact, gladly accepted in Washington, and the question was relegated to the limbo of oblivion.

But to-day—with Baron von Treutler, the German Minister to Brazil, making a tour of the southern provinces, and addressing the German colonists in speeches which the Rio press pronounces to be "impregnated with patriotism and love of the Fatherland across the seas;" with the appearance of a German squadron to be stationed permanently in Caribbean and South-Atlantic waters; with the announcement that the Hansa merchants have completed their commercial conquest of the country by the purchase of all the ships of the Brazilian Lloyd—the time is ripe for a survey of this little known part of the globe, in which our interest is little but our responsibilities are great. That Brazil is alarmed, as it was not at the time of Senator Lodge's speech, is shown by the statements which were made on October 15th in the Rio Congress, not by a sensationalist, but by a man who is regarded as a conservative in his sphere of political activity, Senhor Barbosa

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Lima. After relating the history of the German immigration to Brazil, and commenting upon the most striking features of the commercial and financial supremacy which they exercise throughout the country, he thus summed up the situation:

(1) That the southern states of Brazil are being slowly but surely denationalized;

(2) That the Italians of the province of San Pablo are becoming Brazilians and adopting the Portuguese language, while the Germans everywhere cling to their nationality and language;

(3) That Germans born in the southern states, though Brazilians by law, consider Germany as their Fatherland, and celebrate with great fervor all the German national festivals and anniversaries.

Conditions of life, politically as well as economically speaking, have changed vastly in South America during the past fifty years. Indeed, everything has changed in the Spanish-American republics except our responsibility under the fiat of President Monroe, which has served not only as the palladium of their liberties but, unfortunately, as a shield to some of the most disreputable sharp practice known in diplomatic history. It is undeniable that these changes in South-American conditions have tended to increase our responsibilities a thousand fold.

A glance at the map of this spacious land for which we stand as sponsors will prove a revelation to many. Colonies of Europeans and even of Asiatics—for the Japanese are coming, apparently to stay in Argentina—are springing up in almost every quarter of the empty continent. Lost in the vast extent of the South-American states, these colonists are in a measure governing themselves by laws of their own making, and avoiding as far as possible contact with the customs and the manners of their South-American rulers. That the European colonists come for the most part of races more efficient socially than the South Americans, that they are increasing rapidly in numbers and in wealth, that they bring with them a sense of superiority and show an inclination to maintain their liberties and defend their rights, are considerations upon which we might well bestow more than a passing glance. These altered conditions are fast creating a situation which will have to be resolved. South America in this new guise presents a problem in which, by the automatic working of the Monroe Doctrine, we may any day become seriously involved.

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Every day, incidents are occurring in the southern provinces of Brazil, in Venezuela, as well as in other South-American countries, which might serve any time as a pretext for European intervention, and a flagrant breach of international law might at any moment compel us to intervene.

Upon the facts as they are known to-day, we cannot absolve Germany of a desire, almost a determination, to realize her dreams of transmarine empire, and in Southern Brazil conditions are more favorable to the growth of a Greater Germany beyond the seas than in any other quarter of the globe. No one can examine into the status of the German colonies in Southern Brazil, or weigh our responsibilities under that interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine to which Senator Lodge and Mr. Root incline, without being impressed by the conviction that, unless the Monroe Doctrine is abandoned or the German colonies fail of attaining all that they at present promise, we will soon be confronted by a situation that may have an extremely disturbing influence upon our foreign relations.

The immigration of Germans to South Brazil, although in progress for half a century, has hitherto passed almost entirely unnoticed. The eye of the press, whether English, Continental, or American, is not accustomed to rest with frequency upon the continent to the south of us, and the health of Queen Nancy Tucker of Ashanti could always command more space in the newspapers than this wonderful movement which may revolutionize a vast American republic. Africa has been the fashion in the editorial sanctum, as well as in the various Foreign Offices, and to-day Asia is in vogue; but the time has come when some attention may profitably be paid to the transformations of which South America is the scene. We cannot be expected, however, to take a greater interest in their affairs than the South Americans themselves, and it is hardly more than two years since Brazil awoke to the fact that the German colonies, which had been founded for the most part at the expense of the Rio Government, were assuming such proportions as to constitute a danger to Brazilian supremacy. The South-American republics are, indeed, for the most part so extensive, and the difficulties of travel so great, that the politicians of the capitals are but little in touch with the out-lying provinces.

An amusing instance of this ignorance was recently furnished,

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when the railroad which the Argentine Government is pushing through Patagonia to Punta Arenas reached the Chubut valley, and there discovered a population of some thirty thousand Welshmen, of whose existence the officials in Buenos Ayres were unaware. These Welsh colonies had grown up in the course of the last twenty years; Welsh was spoken, and the colonists, it would seem, had not the most remote idea that the territory they occupied belonged to the Argentine, until the tax-collectors arrived by the first through train on the new railway. The Welshmen proved equal to the occasion, and immediately despatched as Ambassador to London, with plenary powers, a Mr. Evans, who was authorized to offer the territory to Her Britannic Majesty as a Crown Colony with a local legislature. Mr. Evans arrived in London at an inopportune moment, and his mission apparently attracted attention only in the comic papers, with the result that the Welshmen of Patagonia are paying taxes to the Argentine to-day.

When the danger from the growing numbers and power of the German colonists was recognized, the Rio Government ceased assisting German immigrants, and turned the attention of their agents to enlisting Italians and Spaniards, who, it was thought, would be more easily assimilated with the native population; but the Germans remain and increase amazingly both in numbers and in worldly goods. One of the factors in the situation is, that what we call native Brazilians are a heterogeneous population, with very materialistic views. They seem less animated by the sentiments which we group together under the word "patriotism" than even the Chinese. Indeed, with the Chinese, hatred of the foreign devils might pass muster as love of country; whereas the native Brazilian regards the foreigner who comes to his shores as a very superior being, and, comparatively speaking, this appreciation is apt to be correct. The wealthy and educated Brazilian who visits the European universities and spends his time in Paris (when coffee is fetching a good price), is a thorough citizen of the world. To one of these gentlemen I am indebted for a plan, which, he writes, is generally approved by the planter and commercial classes of his country as offering the only solution of the Brazilian question, and furnishing the only hope that the vast resources of his immense country will ever be developed. This plan is nothing more or less than a

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division of his country among the Powers, who, he takes it for granted, are interested financially and politically in its development. "We would all," he writes, "like to see the northern states, Manoas, Amazonas and Pará, pass under the protection of the United States. In the last ten years, millions upon millions of American capital have been invested in these countries. It will never be made to pay until a stable and honest government is provided. We should like to see the country, from Pernambuco to Rio, pass under the control of Great Britain, San Paolo under that of Italy—the population is certainly more than half Italian —and South Brazil under Germany."

The German colonial movement, so generally recognized today as a powerful factor in world politics, can be justly ascribed to the personal initiative of a few Hansa merchants. These *Kolonial-menschen* were made much fun of. Even Bismarck cracked jokes at their expense. It was in this connection that he made his famous statement in regard to over-sea colonies; that he would not give the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier for them all. Some years later, I heard him speak in the Reichstag, and he evidently regarded the movement then as far too serious for jesting. Still he protested: "*Ich bin vom Hause aus kein Kolonial-mensch.*" But before his fall, and long before his death, he became convinced that it was of vital importance for Germany to build up transmarine empire, and to pre-empt as far as possible the markets which were still open.

These great merchants of the Hansa cities were inspired by dreams of commercial expansion, some of which have been realized. Still, the movement would never have become a popular one, had not the necessity been seen of diverting from alien lands the great flood of German emigration which, in the early eighties, was fecundating the farthest reaches of the world with a healthy, industrious and altogether desirable population. From 1832 to 1892, 3,000,000 emigrants passed out of the Fatherland through the portals of Bremen. During the same period, 2,000,000 emigrants left by the way of Hamburg. Of emigration through the lesser ports there are no available figures, but the total must have been considerable. In the year 1881 alone, more than 280,000 emigrants left Germany, the great majority settling in the United States. It was the spectacle of this migration by masses that quickened public opinion, and

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made it possible for the Government to adopt the energetic and costly colonial policy which Germany has followed undeviatingly down to the present day. It was at this time that the two colonial societies were formed which were amalgamated in Berlin in 1887. This Colonial Gesellschaft is presided over by the Duke of Mecklenburg to whom it was that in 1889 the Emperor addressed a letter so warmly appreciative of the work of the society as to stamp the head of the House of Hohenzollern, if proof were needed, as an ardent believer in the colonial movement. This society now numbers 35,000 members, each of whom pays three dollars a year in dues. The society publishes the *Kolonial Zeitung,* a weekly with 40,000 subscribers, and maintains a permanent Museum of the Colonies in Berlin. It has also promoted a tropical proying ground or *jardin d'essai* in Hamburg, and a school of colonial agriculture in Wilhelmshof, besides founding in many of the colleges chairs for the propagation of colonial knowledge and languages.

The results of the colonial movement have been many and various; there is, however, always one unfailing result, a deficit in the colonial budget. The colonies have never been remunerative, and last year they cost the empire 28,000,000 marks. In return much undesirable real estate has been acquired. Twenty years ago, Germany did not possess an acre of land outside of Europe. To-day, the German colonial flag flies over two million and a half square kilometres of new land, inhabited by 16,000,000 people. In these figures I do not include, of course, the colonies in Brazil or in Palestine, but only the state colonies at present under the flag.

It is often said that the Germans have not been very happy in their colonial selection; but it should be remembered that, before they appeared on the scene as a colonial power, almost all the desirable portions of the temperate zones had been pre-empted by their Anglo-Saxon cousins. It is a curious commentary on the German system of colonization, that, with the possible exception of Shantung, German colonists have succeeded in attaining any measure of prosperity only where state aid has been withdrawn, or, better still, where it has never been extended to them. A careful survey of the field to-day discloses the fact, that, not taking into consideration great political changes—such as the incorporation of Holland and her colonies with the German

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Empire, or the partition of China—the best field, perhaps the only field, for the upbuilding of a Greater Germany beyond the sea is furnished by the sparsely settled provinces of Southern Brazil. Of the promising beginnings which have been made in this quarter, an enthusiastic German traveller, Dr. Hermann Leyser, who has recently published a book about Santa Catharina, says:

"Nowhere are our colonies, those loyal offshoots from the mother-root, so promising as here. To-day, in these provinces, over thirty per cent. of the inhabitants are Germans or of German descent, and the ratio of their natural increase far exceeds that of the Portuguese. Surely to us belongs the future of this part of the world, and the key to it all is Santa Catharina, stretching from the harbor of Sao Francisco far into the interior, with its hitherto undeveloped, hardly suspected wealth. Here, indeed, in Southern Brazil, is a rich and healthy land, where the German emigrant may retain his nationality, where for all that is comprised in the word '*Germanismus*' a glorious future smiles."

The hue and cry that was raised by the South-American press two years ago, when the United States gunboat "Wilmington" sailed up the Amazon and made a survey of the river for a few hundred miles above Manoas, has only quite recently died away. This cruise, which seemed at the time such an innocent matter to us, certainly gave grave offence to our South-American cousins. It may be, as is rumored, that from this incident date a series of secret treaties between the Powers of central South America which are directed in an almost hostile sense against us, and what we may justly regard as the legitimate expansion of our commercial interests. Whether the story of secret treaties be true or not, it is certain that for the last two years South-American statesmen have been very sensitive to our activity, even when confined undeniably to the walks of trade and commerce. I do not wish to unduly alarm the Rio statesmen, vigilance is far from pleasant in a land where it is always afternoon; but they would be better and more profitably employed if they kept their eyes upon the many German exploring expeditions which are constantly traversing the southern provinces of the vast republic. The information and the scientific data acquired by our "Wilmington" expedition was published broadcast to the world within a month after the return of the gunboat to our waters, but the Germans say little, publish nothing, and accomplish much. It

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is also an interesting fact that these expeditions are fitted out and financed almost entirely by the great commercial houses of the Hansa cities. These are the men who have always stood for the forward colonial policy in other parts of the world. To New Guinea and many parts of Africa they sent out a series of so-called scientific expeditions; and, when they found or thought they found conditions favorable to profitable commercial ventures, they have always succeeded in having the Imperial flag placed over the scene of their enterprise.

For the last three years, Dr. Karl von den Steinens has been engaged, under the patronage of the Hansa merchants, in making a series of explorations announced to be of a mixed scientific and commercial character. In this period he has, with German thoroughness, travelled over the whole western hinterland of Matto Grosso and Amazonas. The reported results are meagre, but they cannot be unsatisfactory, otherwise these costly explorations of the copper and the rubber country would be discontinued. The Rio Grande Northwestern railway, a pioneer railway if there ever was one, is being pushed on in the trail of these exploring parties, and another and a larger expedition is announced as about to set out under the same leadership for the Maranhao country, the last home of the vanishing Bugres. The activity of Dr. von den Steinens would bear watching even if it were isolated; but, when taken in connection with other expeditions under the same patronage and with similar aims in view, it compels attention. In 1900, Dr. Herman Meyer, certainly one of the most outspoken pioneers of Greater Germany in South America, reached the top of the Sierra Azul after traversing the Xingu country, and returned to Porto Allegre with the first map of the Ranuro province. A few months ago, Dr. Lanberg returned from a year's exploration in Amazonas, a journey which extended to the very borders of Peru. The spirit in which Dr. Meyer and his colleagues visit these unofficial colonies of their Fatherland, and explore the adjacent countries which give promise of being so rich in those products the world most needs to-day, is not concealed in a statement that Dr. Meyer publishes in a recent number of the "*Kolonial Zeitschrift.*" He writes: "The German spirit is ineradicably grounded in the hearts of these colonists and it will undoubtedly bear fruit, perhaps a rich harvest which will not only prove a blessing to the colonies but to the Fatherland."

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While the number of immigrants from the Fatherland is decreasing, the natural increase of the population in the established colonies is something almost fabulous. Blumenau, one of the original colonies, more than doubles itself every ten years, and has now attained the very respectable population, for a town, of 45,000 souls. It carries on considerable commerce with Germany, one item of which is 8,000,000 marks' worth of cigarettes yearly, without mentioning the value of the leaf tobacco exported. In none of these colonies do the Germans seem to be greatly isolated. As in America, so in Brazil, the Germans do not appear as a pioneer population. They leave frontier work to the Poles who, in the highlands of Lucena, are subject to attack and are often massacred by the Bugres. The Germans live for the most part on their prosperous *parcerias* adjacent to towns, or upon cattle ranches, and rarely fail to raise families of from ten to fifteen children. They subsist upon a wholesome diet of black beans, flour of manioc and Xarque, jerked beef dried in the sun; but now luxuries which may tend to decrease the patriarchal size of families are appearing on the primeval scene. I find in a recent number of the *Kolonial Zeitung* the following enthusiastic announcement. "When in 1898 I visited Hansa in Santa Catharina, I had to quench my thirst with draughts of crystal water. Now three varieties of excellent beer, brewed on the spot, are at the traveller's disposal."

In view of these facts, which are frequently emphasized by gross exaggerations of the situation, it is not surprising that the Rio statesmen should view with ever increasing anxiety the course of events in the southern states of the great federal republic. It is clear that the danger does not spring entirely from the increase of the German population and their prosperity, but is enhanced by the undeniable power of assimilation which they exercise over their neighbors, whether they be members of the Polish, Roumanian, or even Italian and Portuguese communities by which they are surrounded. To offset this general rule, there are one or two notable exceptions. It is pointed out that Felipe Schmitt, the Governor of Rio Grande, though the grandson of a German immigrant, can hardly speak German, and that Lauro Muller, who represents this state in the federal Senate, is absolutely ignorant of the language of his parents. The danger of the situation was well summed up in a speech delivered only a few

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months ago by Dr. Murtinho, the most eminent publicist in Brazil, who has at various times held almost every office in the gift of the Rio Government. In his speech, which has been widely circulated and has caused a profound sensation, he calls upon his fellow-countrymen to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of their threatened nationality. He dwells upon the great danger they run of denationalization, admitting frankly that the native-born population is neither numerically nor intellectually capable of assimilating the large number of emigrants of a superior race that are pouring in upon the shores of Brazil.

Such, then, in slight outline, is the story of German expansion in South America. It has taken place without the assistance of the Berlin Government, and indeed until 1896 greater obstacles were placed by the German authorities in the way of those who wished to emigrate to Brazil than to those proposing to emigrate to other countries, though, of course, this is changed now. By a conservative estimate, the German inhabitants of "Greater Germany" do not number more than four hundred thousand, and many of these so-called Germans are really Swiss, Austrians and Poles. Certainly, it does not seem a very alarming picture, especially when we recall the fact that the Rio Grande of the South and the Bay of Sao Francisco, upon which the German colonies are settled, are twice as distant from our shores as are the banks of the Elbe and the Weser from which they come. And, indeed, were it not for the possible, in fact almost inevitable, complications to which we are exposed under the Monroe Doctrine, we could afford to view the growth of these prosperous and well-regulated colonies with equanimity if not with approval.

I cannot but add that I have never met an Englishman, a European, or an American domiciled in South America who regarded the pacific development of Germany in South Brazil with feelings of hostility. To many, as to myself, these well-ordered, prosperous communities have always appeared pregnant with hope for the future of the neglected continent, as oases of activity and industry in a dreary desert of intrigue and corruption that stretches almost without interruption or exception from Panama to Cape Horn.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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LORD CURZON'S SERVICES TO INDIA.

BY ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE Viceroy of India is responsible for the welfare of nearly 295,000,000 of mankind. Of these, 231,000,000 live in the British Provinces; the rest are subjects of the Feudatory States. The British Provinces are under the immediate control of Governors, Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners; but each Province is subordinate to the Government of India. To assist the Viceroy in his gigantic task, there are five members of the Council of India. One presides over the departments known as the Home Department and the Department of Revenue and Agriculture. Another holds the portfolio of Finance and Commerce. The third controls the Military Department and transacts all business connected with the Administration of the Army. The fourth watches over the Public Works Department and is concerned with Railways, Irrigation, Roads, Buildings and Telegraphs; and the fifth, commonly known as the Legal Member, devotes himself to Legislation and to the business of the various Legislative Councils. All cases of importance are submitted by the various departments to the Viceroy, and for good and for evil he is held responsible. But for external politics, for relations with frontier tribes, and for relations with the Native States and Feudatories within India, involving the well-being of over 63,000,000 of Indians, there is no Member of Council, and the Viceroy himself directs and controls what is known as the Foreign Department of the Government of India.

Now, there are two methods of discharging the duties of the Viceroyalty of India. The first is the easier, the more prudent, and perhaps the more common; and it consists in allowing each department to do its own work, while the Viceroy confines himself to his special business of Foreign Minister. This prudent

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method affects circles beyond the headquarters of the Government of India; and the distant Governors of Bombay and Madras, the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, and the three satraps of Bengal, of Agra and Oudh, and of the Punjab, applaud with a sigh of relief the wise discretion of their nominal chief in this safe and almost constitutional choice. But the 295,000,000 of mankind in India are not reasonable people. They, too, have their traditions; and the chief of their traditions is a belief in a personal ruler, and a deep-rooted hatred and contempt for impersonal government. Nothing is more striking and pathetic than the attachment of the Indians to the memory of the great Queen Mother, and their reverence and love for her Emperor son. But they require in the Emperor's representative a living visible man, coming down to them from the clouds of the Himalayas, and emerging from his closely guarded palace in Calcutta, to be seen, to be heard, and to be known—a man and not a system.

Thus it was in the great days of the Moguls; so it is to-day in the Native States. There, to the people, the State is the Raja; and to-day in British India, after just four years of intense activity and almost superhuman strain, Lord Curzon is the Government, and the living representative of the King-Emperor.

It will be of interest to examine the steps by which Lord Curzon has won this wonderful and almost unique ascendancy over the people of India. He came out to the great Dependency only four years ago, a young man practically untrained in real administration. True, he brought with him a valuable knowledge of the countries which lie on the long marches of the Indian frontier; but, to quote only two instances, he knew nothing of the problems of the land-revenue system of India, nor of the complex questions of the Native States. The older bureaucrats smiled when they heard of the appointment of a young Viceroy: "he would be enfiladed with files in three months," and would tread smoothly the primrose path of urbane officialdom. But they were mistaken. By dint of extraordinary industry, by painful study of the piles of papers which were flung at him, and by mastering the facts of each case, this resolute Viceroy soon showed the wise men of Simla that he could buffet bravely through the choppy waves of the red-tape rapids. And then, as he paused, he began to examine, and even to criticize. It is said that he had the temerity to suggest that the departmental system was too

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departmental, and he likened the protagonists to men who played tennis or ping-pong, playing the game and keeping up the rally, but oblivious of the human interests which depended on a speedy decision and delivery. These and other heresies did he utter, and Simla frowned. And the frown grew deeper as reform followed reform. There was reform in office routine which the experienced official stoutly declared would lead to an increase in work. Strange to say, experience was wrong, and to-day the clerks and under-secretaries are grateful for the relief. Next, it struck this busy, ubiquitous Viceroy that it was good that the District Officer, or Préfet, should be allowed to stay in his District sufficiently long to allow of a nodding acquaintance with the people over whom he ruled. There were difficulties, but Lord Curzon overcame them. He had too few English Préfets to go round, and he meant to make the most of them. In two years a good English officer begins to know his people, in his third year he is a power.

In the summer, when the heat in the plains is too intense for hard continuous work, the Viceroy and his Government seek the cool air of Simla, perched high up in the Himalayas; and with the annual growls of the men in the plains against the costly exodus to the Hills, Lord Curzon somewhat reluctantly sought his mountain home. He said something about Simla being his workshop, and the hill pheasants, as the official *habitués* of the Himalayan capital are called, smiled. But it was true, as those knew who saw the lonely light in the Castle room where the Viceroy sat working, while the pleasure-loving Capuans were whirling home long after midnight from their revels.

There was famine in the land—one famine following another. What must this restless Viceroy do but post off from pleasant Simla to the heat of the plains and to the cholera-stricken famine camps. As he reached the first camp down came the rain, and the superstitious Indians drew their own conclusions.

Having seen and sympathized with the patient, long-suffering famine folk, he must needs visit all the plague camps, and he quickly formed the opinion that the well-meant efforts to stay the pestilence were useless, and that the less we interfered with the people the better.

It was all so novel and so undepartmental. Simla frowned and shrugged shoulders, and said it would not last. But it has lasted;

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and now, at the beginning of his fifth and last lap, here is this Viceroy running as pluckily and as freshly as when he started.

But while the older bureaucrats in the Hills were raising their hands in deprecation, the men in the plains and the men at the ports clearly recognized the genius, industry, and grit of this unusual man.

It is known to those who have studied Indian affairs and know the people of India that the year 1899 opened under the most unpromising omens. There had been famine and plague, sinister conflicts between Hindus and Mussulmans which the wise read as a veiled revolution against Government; there had been costly and detrimental wars on the Northwest frontier. Officials were worn out, worked to death, and often despairing. The tragic assassinations in Poona set men brooding, and when in 1899 famine again stalked through the land and plague made another spring, a man of triple courage and energy was wanted and was found. The omens were bad, and the bazars were talking bad talk, and to the ordinary man it would have seemed folly to deplete the British garrison in India. But the call came, and Natal was saved by the prompt arrival of British troops from India. Lord Curzon trusted the people, and they nobly deserved his great and simple trust. But he only gave what he had earned. He earned their trust when he won their sympathy. It is the little things that count, even in big India. One of his peculiarities was his love of going personally into positions presented by all sorts and conditions of people. A dismissed servant of Government will always appeal to the Viceroy for mercy. In ninety cases out of a hundred, his dismissal is right; but the Viceroy has a kind of genius for detecting the ten cases where mercy might be shown. His zeal was troublesome to the overworked departments, and there were many wise and loyal friends who urged him not to overtax his powers and to let such small things be. But he would not. And so it went through India that the great Lord Sahib looked into all things, and that the old Mogul system was revived and the hall of public audience reopened.

It is very hard for those who have never seen the horrors of famine and plague in India to realize what it means to the people. These gentle, home-loving people, suddenly hurled from easy, happy prosperity into sordid, starving want, work patiently at their tasks in the famine camp. And in the plague camp there

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is the same despair at the loss of the home and the disruption of the family. In spite of efforts and self-sacrifice, often ending in death on the part of the English famine and plague officers, there were suffering and misery, and these breed discontent. Then the troops depart to South Africa; and, later, the garrison is more seriously weakened by the despatch of an army to China. Anxiety increases; and, just as the sky is brightening, there comes the news to India that the good Queen is dead. "Let Government look to itself," say the prophets and the pundits; "it was love and reverence for the Queen that kept us quiet in our misery." Like a beaver, the quick Viceroy is repairing the dam before the water has begun to ooze. He is occupying the minds of nearly 300,000,000 human beings with memories of that wise and loving Queen Mother, and he has pointed their eyes to a Memorial which will one day rise as witness of India's love. And no sooner have the hundreds of thousands who mournfully paraded the great plain of Calcutta to testify to their sorrow melted away, than the Viceroy sits down to think how quickly and how thoroughly he may show to India that the King Emperor is but a re-incarnation of the lost Queen Empress. The busy brain was at work, and the far-seeing eye looks over a space of two years to a splendid pageant at Delhi, when all India shall know and rejoice in the pomp of the coming of the new King Emperor.

It would be wearisome to recount the reforms which Lord Curzon, in his almost boyish energy, has taken in hand. His twelve reforms were the subject of much speculation; for the most part, they have passed into the region of realization, but if one studies the Gazettes and published State Papers of India, from January, 1899, to January, 1903, one might multiply the twelve by ten, and even then the list of the Curzon reforms would not be exhausted. Not the reforms of a faddist or a dreamy student, but simple practical reforms such as a good man of business in America or England would introduce, if his well-being depended on the business. This Viceroy sees the points of the game and never loses sight of them. What the points are can be learned by a very casual reading of Lord Curzon's speeches.

He lands in Bombay on a sunny December morning in 1898, and is most kindly greeted by the citizens of that most beautiful city. He comes at once to his point. He believes that:

"loyalty, of which you speak, to the person and the throne of the Queen

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Empress to be as widespread as it is profound and sincere. In my eyes it is, more than any other factor, the bond which holds together in harmonious union the diverse races and creeds of this country, and which secures to them the blessings of internal peace and tranquillity; and, during my stay in India, I shall spare no effort, so far as in me lies, to fortify, to diffuse, and to encourage that feeling."

But it was to be no lip-loyalty, but real loyalty, that he demanded and secured. In the same speech he said that "to hold the scales even" would be a good motto for a Viceroy.

"For with what a mosaic of nationalities and interests he is confronted; with his own countrymen, few in number, and scattered far and wide under a trying climate in a foreign land, and with the manifold races and beliefs, so composite and yet so divergent, of the indigenous population, in its swarming and ever-multiplying millions. To hold the scales even under such conditions is a task that calls indeed for supple fingers and for nerves of steel."

The British garrison in India is, on the whole, a marvel of good conduct and patience, when we consider the awful climate and the dreariness of the soldier's life. Maddened by the heat of the stifling night, the soldier raises his fist against the Indian who should be pulling the punkah, or, ignorant of the language, and still more ignorant of the customs and prejudices of the "Moors," he does something which brings the people of the village buzzing around him like hornets. Then Thomas Atkins lashes out, and too often a life is taken. New rules were made, and strict orders issued and enforced to prevent these lamentable collisions between the soldiers and the Indians. It was a subject of sufficient importance to call for mention at the Budget Debate, and Lord Curzon said:

"Our one desire is to draw closer the bonds of friendly feeling that should unite the two races whom Providence has placed side by side in this country; and I venture to assert that no higher motive could inspire any body of men who are charged with the terribly responsible task of Indian administration."

Quite admirable, but we admire more the practical and prophylactic Proconsul who, talking at an Army Temperance Meeting, says:

"There is no subject in which I have taken greater interest, since I have been in India, than in that of the improved ventilation and lighting of barracks. . . . I look forward to the time, and am doing my best to hurry it on, when every barrack in India shall be lighted by elec-

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tricity, and when the punkahs shall be pulled by the same motive power; and I believe that if this scheme were to cost half a crore of rupees or more, it would be money well laid out in the improved health and contentment of the men, and in the diminution of one of the most frequent causes of collision between soldiers and natives."

Lord Curzon has indeed hurried it on, and in years to come the English soldier will live to bless the Viceroy who gave him cool nights and unbroken sleep. It would have been so much easier to leave the racial question alone. But this strange strong man, who had pledged himself to "hold the scales even," declared that so far as in him lay he would bring to justice the white man who wantonly injured his Indian fellow-subject. He holds that every Englishman, official or non-official, is his colleague in the East. The white man is scarce and precious, and his example and conduct are the determining factors in the success and strength of the administration of India. The policy is admirably stated in the following words, instinct with the spirit of the Good Queen proclamation. Addressing the soldiers at a crowded meeting of the Army Temperance League, the Viceroy said:

"What, I would ask, are we all here for—every one of us, from the Viceroy at the head of the official hierarchy to the latest joined British private in barracks? We are not here to draw our pay, and do nothing, and have a good time. We are not here merely to wave the British flag. We are here because Providence has, before all the world, laid a solemn duty upon our shoulders; and that duty is to hold this country by justice, and righteousness, and good will, and to set an example to its people. You may say why should we set an example, and what example have we to set? Well, I dare say we have much to learn as well as to teach. It would be arrogant to pretend the contrary. I feel myself that never a day of my life passes in India in which I do not absorb more than I can possibly give out. But we have come here with a civilization, an education, and a morality which we are vain enough, without disparagement to others, to think the best that have ever been seen; and we have been placed, by the Power that ordains all, in the seats of the mighty, with the fortunes and the future of this great continent in our hands. There never was such a responsibility. In the whole world there is no such duty. That is why it behooves every one of us, great or small, who belongs to the British race in this country, to set an example. The man who sets a bad example is untrue to his own country. The man who sets a good one is doing his duty by this. But how can the drunkard set an example, and what is the example that he sets? And what sort of example, too, is set by the officer who winks at drunkenness instead of treading it under foot? It is no answer to me to say that the native

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sometimes gets intoxicated in his way, just as the British soldier does in his. One man's sin is not another man's excuse. Where are our boasted civilization and our superior ethics if we cannot see that what is degrading in him is more degrading in us? If we are to measure our own responsibility by that of the millions whom we rule, what becomes of our right to rule and our mission? It is, therefore, officers and soldiers, not on mere grounds of abstract virtue, nor for the sake of the discipline and the reputation of the Army, nor even for your own individual good alone, that I have stood here this afternoon to plead the cause of temperance in the ranks; but because the British name in India is in your hands just as much as it is in mine, and because it rests with you, before God and your fellowmen, to preserve it from sully or reproach."

There is a sin which easily besets the great Proconsuls of India, the alcohol of popularity. In that beautiful land of pageants, of antique politeness, and *dolce far niente* customs, there is a great temptation to be all things to all men, and to avoid plain speaking. But if we are to judge from a study of the English and Vernacular Press of India, Lord Curzon has lost nothing by his plain direct utterances. The native organs grind out the same old tunes, doleful tunes of excessive expenditure on the army, of over-taxation, and of a fine continent being drained of its life-blood by British vampires. Over the drone of the organ-grinders rises the clarion note:

"There are two great duties of Imperial statesmanship in India. The first is to make all these millions of people if possible happier, more contented, more prosperous. The second is to keep them and their property safe. We are not going for the sake of the one duty to neglect the other."

Again:

"I am not in the least disturbed by the argument that all this military expenditure is a waste, and that the money had much better be spent on projects of economic development. I would gladly spend the whole of our revenues in the latter way, but I say frankly that I dare not. The army is required to make India safe."

To make India safe—that is his great preoccupation. When he first came out as Viceroy, the military party pictured an ambitious man who would make India, if not safe, at any rate bigger. The ardent spirits on the frontiers, and the priests of the forward policy, saw the millennium and burnished their weapons. But there was bitter disappointment. No advance of the frontier

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posts, but if anything the reverse. The regular troops are withdrawn for a bigger and more effective duty, and wild tribesmen are enrolled as Frontier Militia. Wild-cat schemes of fortifications in *cul-de-sacs* are contemptuously countermanded, and though money is forthcoming for military expenditure, every penny is counted and efficiency is insisted on.

The subject of taxation would require a separate article for its exposition. Suffice it to say that the revenues of India depend chiefly on land taxation, and that the happiness and prosperity of the country depend on that taxation being moderate and evenly distributed. Land taxation is a special study, and few save the specialists who have spent their lives in the villages dare mention the subject. And they as a rule obscure it by technical phrases which baffle the layman. It came somewhat as a surprise to officials and to the public generally when the indomitable Viceroy sat down to study the subject and then issued to the world a classic on Land Revenue—"no mere departmental defence of our methods and objects, but a serious and conscientious examination of the subjects of assessments in relation to the various parts of India."

In all his utterances on the hundreds of subjects which must be confronted in the five years, one recognizes the broad unmistakable lines of policy which guide him in his difficult orbit. In a notable speech at the Convocation of the Calcutta University from which we have gleaned, there is the old note of "holding the scales even."

"Do not imagine for one moment that there is any desire on the part of the English governors of this country to keep native character and native ability in the background. I assert emphatically, after more than three years' experience of Indian administration, that wherever it is forthcoming, it receives unhesitating encouragement and prompt reward. An Indian who not only possesses the requisite attainments, but who has energy, a strong sense of duty, and who runs straight, must come to the front. He is indispensable to us in our administration. . . . When an Englishman says that he is proud of India, it is not of battlefields and sieges, nor of exploits in the Council Chamber or at the desk that he is principally thinking. He sees the rising standards of intelligence, of moral conduct, of comfort and prosperity, among the native peoples, and he rejoices in their advancement. Similarly, when an Indian says that he is proud of India, it would be absurd for him to banish from his mind all that has been, and is being, done for the resuscitation of his country by the alien race to whom have been committed its destinies.

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Both are tillers in the same field, and both are concerned in the harvest. From their joint labors it is that this new and composite patriotism is springing into life. It is Asian, for its roots are embedded in the traditions and the aspirations of an Eastern people; and it is European, because it is aglow with the illumination of the West. In it are summed up all the best hopes for the future of this country, both for your race and for mine. We are ordained to walk here in the same track together for many a long day to come. You cannot do without us. We should be impotent without you. Let the Englishman and the Indian accept the consecration of a union that is so mysterious as to have in it something of the divine, and let our common ideal be a united country and a happier people."

The Indians are shrewd observers of character, and often sum up in a nickname qualities and tendencies which we strive to express at blundering length. The nickname is rarely known till the great man has left India, but we have often heard the abjective "*Pucka*" coupled with the name of Lord Curzon. The Indians, who are the reverse of "*Pucka,*" admire the man who is thorough, and while gently acquiescing in inefficiency, respect the ruler who insists on efficiency. They like him, too, for his almost splendid display and personal expenditure, and it is rumored in the bazars that the Viceroy, like the unfortunate British subaltern, does not see much of his pay.

But, above all things, they like him for his attitude towards the Native Chiefs. It is a striking fact, the feeling of British India for Feudatory India. Publicists scout the idea of an Indian nationality, and they are probably right; but there can be no doubt that the people of India see in the Rajas and their Raj, in the Chiefs and their Kingdoms, the old India which they believe existed before the Iron Age came in. It is a remarkable sight to see one of these Chiefs in his own country, the object of loving adoration and respect: still more remarkable to see the veneration and applause with which they are received in British India. It all comes back to the prime principle that Orientals believe in and require personal rule. It is curious to notice the attitude of the native press towards the Chiefs. If an English official is caught tripping, if a native in British India stumbles, the native press thunders its denunciations throughout the country. But the native press is tender to the faults of a native state. It is too sacred, it is national, a last survival of the Golden Age of India.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole British Empire more

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fascinating than the close study of the Feudatory States of India, but too often their quaintness and romance have been allowed to obscure their importance and responsibilities. Too often the King's representative has treated them with pleasant blandishment; and, as each successive Viceroy passes away amid pageants such as no other country can give, and after hospitality which would eclipse the traditions of the City of London, the thoughtful onlooker, might have said, as he looked at the courteous, kindly Raja bidding adieu to the guest—"*Te morituri salutant.*"

For India is growing up, and much as she loves her Raja, education is whispering strange and dreadful truths about progress and about duty; and as the express train shrieks through the Native State on its way to the ports and the ships, men look out of the window and utter the word "anachronism." And if Native States had been allowed to glide easily down the gradient, it is certain that as an institution they were doomed.

There could be no doubt that the Viceroy in his attitude towards Native States was their consistent and courteous champion. This the Rajas and the people of British India fully recognized. They saw that he was an admirer of the institution and was thinking hard how to perpetuate it. Unhappily for the institution certain Chiefs, happily few in number, have sought in foreign travel and in Western distractions escape from the *ennui* of the environment of the country whence they draw their income and their dignity. Apart from duty there is a grave political danger in this, and the Viceroy issued a letter couched in very plain terms in which he deprecated too frequent absence of Chiefs from their territories and their subjects. But the chief point of his policy is to do away with the *ennui* of the Chief's life and to point him to higher things. It is well expressed in a speech which he made at Gwalior. After explaining the position of the Feudatory States guaranteed against external ills by the Suzerain Power, he said:

"But I also do not hesitate to say, wherever I go, that a return is owing for these advantages, and that security cannot be repaid by license, or the guarantee of rights by the unchartered exercise of wrong. The Native Chief has become, by our policy, an integral factor in the Imperial organization of India. He is concerned not less than the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor in the administration of the country. I claim him as my *colleague* and partner. He cannot remain *vis à vis* of the Empire a loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, and *vis à vis* of his

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own people a frivolous or irresponsible despot. He must justify and not abuse the authority committed to him; he must be the servant as well as the master of his people. He must learn that his revenues are not secured to him for his own selfish gratification, but for the good of his subjects; that his internal administration is only exempt from correction in proportion as it is honest; and that his *gadi* is not intended to be a divan of indulgence, but the stern seat of duty. His figure should not merely be known on the polo-ground, or on the race-course, or in the European hotel. These may be his relaxations, and I do not say that they are not legitimate relaxations; but his real work, his princely duty, lies among his own people. By this standard shall I, at any rate, judge him. By this test will he in the long run, as a political institution, perish or survive."

That one word "colleague" was quite enough. No longer a mere holiday show, but a ruler with enormous powers and responsibilities, working along under Providence to the same end as the great "Lord Sahib."

The Imperial Cadet Corps was instituted, by which a career in the army is opened to the sons of the Chiefs and Nobles of India, and above all a searching enquiry was made into the special Colleges of the Chiefs, and various reforms for improving the education and discipline of these institutions are to be introduced. All this would have been impossible had it been attempted in an impersonal manner. But in his short four years Lord Curzon has visited every Chief of India in his own home, and each one of them has heard from the Viceroy's own lips what he is trying to do for him and his descendants. They know he is their champion, and they hail with delight the frequent utterance that they and their sons should "still remain Indians, true to their own beliefs, their own traditions, and their own people."

And now we in the far West must bid adieu to the simple strong man as he fronts the sun in the far East. He is "a believer in taking the public into the confidence of Government. The more they know, the more we may rely upon their support." He has reason for his reliance if we read aright the published papers of the last four years of British rule in India.

ANGLO-INDIAN.

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WHY THE ARMY CANTEEN SHOULD BE RESTORED.

BY MAJOR LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, LATE SURGEON U. S. V.

THE proposed restoration of the Army Canteen, as advocated by the Secretary of War in his report to Congress, is destined to meet with severe opposition through ignorance, unless the opponents of the measure realize the gravity of the results that have followed its abolition.

Among the Military Surgeons who served with the troops in the field and cared for them in the hospital wards, and who are therefore best qualified to render an unbiased judgment, there is but one opinion. To present some of the reasons upon which this verdict is based is the *raison d'être* of this paper.

In the first place, it is illogical and unrighteous to give to the Army Post Exchange the name of the Canteen. Some diabolical malaprop must have first linked these terms in unequal fellowship. Had the Canteen been called the Soldiers' Club, or Post Exchange, from the beginning, it never would have been abolished by Act of Congress. To thrust it into contempt and ignominy by calling it a canteen is as unfair as it would be to call the University Club a groggery or a dram-shop.

The purposes of the Post Exchange or Canteen combined the features of a reading-room and recreation-room, a co-operative store and a restaurant. Its primary purpose was to furnish to the troops, at reasonable prices, the articles of ordinary use, wear and consumption, not supplied by the Government, and to afford them means of rational recreation and amusement suitable to their taste and station in life, which, if denied, they would seek outside the limits of camp. Let us for a moment review the history of the origin of the so-called Canteen and the influences that led to its establishment.

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In the early days of the American Army, a regular ration of stimulants, rum, brandy or whiskey, was served to the soldier, as is shown in the record of the Second Session of Congress in 1790, and this was continued until the War of the Rebellion. Later, sutlers were appointed by the Government. A sutler was an authorized military storekeeper, who was not permitted to sell intoxicating liquors. This restriction was soon removed by Congress, and it is a matter of history that, during the Civil War, all kinds of intoxicating liquors were sold in the sutler's canteen, the variety that "scratched as it went down," as the soldiers used to say,—raw spirits and fusil oil (that cost about ninety cents a gallon and often sold at twenty-five cents a glass) being the most popular. Most of the men appointed as sutlers lost their honor and manhood in their grasp for selfish gain. When pay-day came, the sutler usually took his place at the paymaster's table, and there collected his claims. If the soldier refused to pay, the sutler could request and receive the amount of his claim from the paymaster, provided the amount did not exceed one-third of the soldier's monthly salary. It was found that, under the sutler system, the sick-list and death rate from alcoholism increased to an alarming extent. By Act of Congress in 1866, the Government dispensed with the sutler system, and authorized the establishment of Post Trading Stations, at all military points on the frontier. The post trader was given authority to conduct his business within the limits of the post, and the sale of intoxicating liquors was not restricted. This system, however, proved little better than the sutler system; in both cases the Army was sadly in need of a reform.

As stated by the Rev. S. B. Dexter, Secretary of the Inter-Denominational Ministerial Commission on the Investigation at Fort Sheridan:

> "It was a time when pay-day meant absence from the post of almost half the command; when men were robbed by dive-keepers on all sides, and when they were imprisoned in the Guard House by the score for drunkenness. Liquor saloons were in abundance at the gates of every post; vile liquors and sometimes vile drugs were given out over the bar, and all the abominations annexed to such places were put in the pathway of the young men of the Army."

It was the harvest day of the dive-keeper. After years of these conditions came experiments of the Post Exchange or the Can-

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teen. This was first undertaken in the Vancouver barracks in 1880, but was not established in the Army until 1889, and did not come into full use until 1891. By Government regulations the Post Exchange was never permitted to sell whiskey. The Canteen feature, where only beer was sold, was in a separate room. Regulations prohibited gambling, treating and the entry of civilians; and the Canteen was closed on Sunday. As soon as the Post Exchange was fully established a marked improvement in the morale of the Army was noticed.

Col. Mills, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, in a report to the Secretary of War in 1899, said:

"During the first year of the Exchange at Fort Custer, Montana, from records made at the time, I can state that the number of enlisted men confined in the Post Guard House for offences following over-indulgence in drink, was reduced between seventy and seventy-five per cent. Pay-day was no longer noticeable by great increase in the Guard House Prison."

The following extract from a letter, recently received from Mrs. Morrow, whose husband had the honor of establishing the first Army Canteen, is of special interest. It is addressed to Col. Powell of the 17th U. S. Infantry and says:

"It is true that Col. Morrow was the first to conceive and give definite shape to the idea of providing the private soldier with something in the place of the attractions of the saloon. I well remember the evening, when, just after the retreat hour, my husband stood with two or three officers in front of our quarters at Fort Vancouver, observing the soldiers file out of the garrison toward the town, and remembering how charges were piled up in the Adjutant's office against other soldiers for trouble brought on by the surroundings of that very town; and so it would be the next day when these soldiers, now leaving the garrison only to return to the Guard House; and turning to his officers, he said: 'Gentlemen, something must be done for those soldiers. It is not right to let them go on as prey and victims of the saloons where they are soon made irresponsible through vile mixtures, and are then pushed into the street to become a scandal and a disgrace—debasing their manhood and their uniform. Something *must* be done, and we will begin to-morrow.' These are almost my husband's exact words. The beginning was made to-morrow in the humble way of a well-lighted room, a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, plenty of newspapers and magazines, writing-paper, envelopes, pens and ink with credit for postage stamps. Such was the birth of the Canteen. How well I remember the hour, and how well I recall the glow of pleasure and encouragement that overspread my husband's face when he reported, rather recounted, to me the success of

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the first evening of the Canteen—the result of an honest effort to help the private soldier to be his own manly self, and yet to spend an evening in recreation. The rest you know,—how the dozen or two of men, gathering in that room that evening, swelled in numbers, until at the end of the month it was necessary to add another room—give greater facilities for amusements of various kind, such as billiards, cards, backgammon, dominoes, etc. Beef-tea, hot, was added to the drinks, and more appetizing eatables. Just when beer was added, I do not remember. But all this you know, Colonel, for you have managed such matters for yourself with consummate success. I rejoice as an Army woman that Major Seaman and you are so interested in this great matter as to give time, thought and aid in bringing the power that destroyed the Canteen back to a realization of its mistake and so accomplish its restoration. It should be so, and, with such active endeavors as you and others are making, I am sure the right will be uppermost once more."

Here, too, is a letter from Col. Morrow in which he tells why he sold beer at the Post. It is dated at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, October 5th, 1885, and is addressed to Messrs. Brennan, Winters, Tobin and other liquor dealers in Sidney.

"Gentlemen: I had the honor, some days since, to receive your communication of the 20th inst. remonstrating against the sale of beer in the amusement-room at Fort Sidney to officers and men of the garrison.

"The grounds of your remonstrance seem to be as follows: That you pay high licenses for the right or privilege of selling liquors and beers in the town of Sidney; that the Post amusement-room does not pay a license; that the sale of beer on a military reservation is prohibited in orders. From these facts you deduce the following legal conclusions: That the sale of beer in the Post amusement-room is an infringement of your 'rights,' and this because you pay a license and the room does not; and, secondly, the sale of beer is in violation of orders, and therefore my action in allowing it to be sold is illegal. You further state that my action is 'unfair and an infringement of your rights, as you are unable to compete (with amusement-room) owing to the great expense of carrying on business.' I believe I have stated your position fairly. I have certainly meant to do so.

"Before considering the grounds of your remonstrance, I will ask your permission to make a plain statement of facts in relation to the causes which led to the establishment of the Post amusement-room, and, as to the manner in which it has been conducted. The present garrison arrived in Sidney on the 2nd day of July, 1884. There was no place of amusement or recreation in the Post, and the resorts for these purposes were sought in the town of Sidney. It was soon found that there was a good deal of demoralization among certain members of the command. Complaints for over-indulgence in drink, and neglect of duty in consequence thereof, were numerous. These increased to such an extent that in the five and a half months between the arrival of the command at

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Sidney and the establishment of the amusement-room, namely, between July 1st and December 15th, there had been 193 confinements in the Guard House. Please keep in mind that I do not say, nor do I mean to intimate, that the causes for demoralization are all attributed to you. I am simply stating a fact, which is, that in five and a half months after the arrival of this command in Sidney there were 193 confinements at the fort for offences more or less serious. You will agree with me, when I say that such a state of affairs called not only for an investigation, but for a remedy. An investigation led to the conclusion that the causes of our trouble had their origin in the town of Sidney. An effort was made to find in the garrison rooms which could be used by officers and men as places of resort for amusement and recreation, and on the 15th day of December, the present 'Nez Perces Hall,' as the amusement-room of the Post is called, was established. In these rooms were placed billiard-tables, chess boards, checkers, cards, dominoes, backgammon and other games, and, in addition, as further inducement for members of the garrison to frequent the rooms, sandwiches and coffee were provided. Subsequently, the sale of beer was permitted. The proceeds arising from billiard-tables and the sale of luncheons and beer were applied to furnishing the rooms, replenishing stores, paying attendants, etc. These rooms are in charge of a commissioned officer. Nothing stronger than beer is allowed to be kept or sold in them, and gaming for money or other things of value is prohibited in orders. These rooms are not open on Sundays.

"What was the effect of the opening of the amusement-room on the discipline of the command? I have already stated that, in five and a half months preceding the opening of these rooms, 193 confinements had taken place in the Post. In the five and a half months immediately following the opening of these rooms, there were but 73 confinements, a falling off of 62 per cent. You will readily perceive, gentlemen, that with these figures before me, I shall be loath to be obliged to send the command of Fort Sidney back again to the town of Sidney, to find amusement and recreation. But I have no desire whatever to violate or evade law or orders. I will follow both whithersoever they lead me, while I hold a commission in the army. With the frankness and generosity which, I believe, belong to you, I think I might safely leave it to you, to answer the question, whether, were you in my place, you would voluntarily break up the amusement-room at Fort Sidney?

"It was established in the interest of discipline, convenience and economy. The discipline I have already referred to, the convenience consists in having our place of amusement near at hand instead of being obliged to go a distance to find it, and the economy consists in the fact that a glass of beer in our hall costs five cents while with you it costs fifteen, and a game of billiards with you costs twenty-five cents, while with us it costs five cents only. To deny us the right of buying beer or other articles for our own use is to deny us a right which all other men claim and exercise."

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Such was the origin of the Soldiers' Club or Canteen, and such its beneficent results. Two years ago it was abolished, and to-day the liquor sellers and the Women's Christian Temperance Union are the strongest advocates of the law as it now stands. Truly, indeed, politics makes strange bedfellows! Since its abolition, the Secretary of War has collected an enormous volume of evidence from the thousand officers of the Army, all of whom, in their written reports, favor its restoration. It may be added that during the decade of 1878-1887, the number of admissions to the military hospitals for alcoholism and its results amounted to 1,640. From 1888 to 1897, when the Canteens had been instituted throughout the Army, the number was reduced to 923, or over 40 per cent. In one post, Willett's Point, the admission from this cause in 1889 was 223 for every one thousand troops. Two years after the establishment of the Canteen, it fell to 70 for one thousand. Capt. E. L. Munson, Surgeon of the Army, reports that at Fort Spokane, the amount of sickness, resulting directly or indirectly from intoxicants, diminished fifty per cent. during the first six months following the introduction of the Canteen.

The following extract is from a letter written by Lieut.-Col. William Quinton, of the 14th Infantry, and dated Army and Navy Club, New York, December 20th, 1901.

"The Post at which I am at present stationed, Fort Shelling, Minn., is surrounded by a lot of low dives. All that is necessary for a soldier to do, to fill up on any kind of stimulants that he may crave, is to cross the iron bridge that spans the Mississippi River, and which connects the Fort with the eastern bank. These dives give me a great deal of trouble, as the regiment, the 14th Infantry, is receiving recruits daily. The dives are a great menace to the recruits, and I have no means of abating them. They are run wide open, and have been doing so since the abolition of the Canteen."

It is well recognized by all authorities that *alcoholism* and *insanity* are closely related, through the direct influence exerted by intoxicants in the production of mental aberration. Captain Munson, Surgeon, U. S. A., in his report on file in the office of the Adjutant-General, states that "during the seven years of the existence of the Canteen the reduction of insanity in the Army amounted to 31.7 per cent." *Drunkenness* was certainly prevented by the constant military supervision to which the Canteen

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was subjected. As illustrating the marked reductions of convictions for drunkenness or complications arising therefrom since the establishment of the Canteen, the report of the Judge-Advocate-General states that, in the year 1889, before the establishment of the Canteen, the number of *trials* and *convictions* for drunkenness and conditions arising therefrom was 423. In the year 1897, the total number reached only 143.

From the above figures it is evident that, coincidently with the thorough establishment of the Canteen system, there occurred a decrease, amounting to considerably more than one-half, of the drunkenness which formerly tended to the impairment of discipline, the demoralization of individuals, and the occurrence of assaults and deaths. It is idle to deny that this excellent result has been largely due to the attractions furnished by the Canteen, combined with the military discipline which prevails in that institution, which reduces to a minimum the possibility of dangerous excesses. Brig.-General J. P. Sanger, Inspector-General of the Division of the Philippines, in his report just submitted to the Adjutant-General, states that "since June 30th, 1900, 307 enlisted men have been sent home insane." And Major Arthur, Surgeon in charge of the First Reserve Hospital, Manila, where they have all been under observation and treatment, reports that 78, or 25.4 per cent., were insane from the excessive use of alcohol.

It has been asserted that the Canteen presents the saloon to the recruit in its least objectionable form,—that he enters the Army, free from the drink and debt habit, and is discharged with both fixed upon him. In reply, it may be said, if the recruit was *not* in the Army, he would probably have the saloon presented to him in a *more* attractive and alluring manner, as, for instance, it is to the college boy of the present day; and if he is not possessed of the moral stamina to resist its temptation in one place, he certainly will not in the other. In the Canteen, his commanding officer is directed to see that his credit is limited to 20 per cent. of his pay, which amounts to $3.00 per month; and, if he exceeds this amount of debt, his commanding officer and not the soldier has been derelict in the performance of duty.

Major-General John R. Brooke, commanding the Department of the East, in his report to the Adjutant-General, dated Washington, May 1st, 1900, says: "The experience gained since the establishment of the Post Exchange and Canteen has been such

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as to warrant me in saying that these institutions, under the regulations by which they are conducted, are not only highly beneficial to the Army, but have a decided influence for temperance and good discipline."

Major-General Merritt, under date of Governor's Island, May 8th, 1900, adds the folloiwng endorsement:

"It is my decided opinion that the present regulations and restrictions governing the methods and conduct of the Post Exchange are, if thoroughly enforced, amply sufficient to insure the maintenance of discipline and the welfare and contentment of the enlisted men."

Surgeon-General Griffith, of Missouri, writes:

"Let me say, as I have said before, had it not been for the Canteen, no one knows how many typhoid cases we would have had at Chickamauga in 1898. Of the 38,000 troops gathered there, 4,370 had typhoid, and the Canteen helped us in over 2,600 cases. We lost a very small percentage, less than they do in any city in the Union; but the Canteen helped us out. The soldier could get his beer; you did not find him drunk, and it was very rarely we had a court martial."

The Canteen greatly contributed to the happiness of the troops. The best index of their contentment can be found in the rate of desertions, since it is obvious that the soldier who is well satisfied with his lot will not endeavor to escape from his military obligations. The desertions from the Regular Army in 1888-89 averaged 11 per cent. In 1897, after the Canteen had been running for eight years, it fell to 2 per cent.

The influence of the Canteen in promoting order and contentment is less directly, though none the less positively, shown by the number of the soldiers making savings deposits with the Army paymasters.

The report of the Paymaster-General for 1899 shows, that the average number of men annually making such deposits for the seven years 1885-91 was 7,273, while for the six years 1892-97, the annual number so depositing was 8,382, an increase of over 13 per cent. Gambling, too, has been decidedly diminished by the restrictions of the Canteen. The records of the Adjutant-General's office, December 4th, 1902, show that General Bates, Paymaster of the Army, collected from 75,000 enlisted men (regulars) during the last year in which the Canteen was in force, on account of the Soldiers' Home, dues, fines and forfeitures, $462,-698; while during the fiscal year 1902, since the abolishment of

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the Canteen, there was collected by Paymasters from about 70,000 enlisted men (regulars), on the same account, $632,125. That is to say, the fines and forfeitures imposed upon and collected from the enlisted men of the Army were vastly increased during the year subsequent to the abolishment of the Canteen.

The opportunity given to the men of purchasing light, nutritious lunches in the Canteen was certainly of much benefit. Many articles of food not obtainable in the Company mess were brought within reach, and the monotony of Company cookery was agreeably interrupted. This feature does much to prevent the intemperate use of alcoholics. The gastric cravings of hearty and idle men are thus satisfied, and the sandwich with beer largely decreases the desire for an additional quantity of the latter.

The curse of the Army is the groggeries and brothels that flourish near the outskirts of every camp. An official report on file in the Adjutant-General's office says:

"Around the reservation of Fort Wingate in 1889 a number of little rum-shops thrived on the earnings and weaknesses of the soldiers. Here, crime and debauchery thrived, and after each pay-day patrols were required to literally drag our soldiers from the clutches of the keepers of these dens. The Guard House was always full in consequence of drunkards and absentees from duties, as well as those who had committed themselves in other ways, traced to the demoralizing effects of the soldiers' innate craving after amusement and tipple of some character. The Exchange system did away with all this. Those of us who were prejudiced against what was termed a Government bar-room found the benefits of the new system so startling that it could not be combatted."

Another instance in point is that of Washington Barracks, in Washington. Before the introduction of the Canteen, Four-and-a-Half Street, for two or three squares from the point at which it entered the Post, was lined with small saloons in which liquor was dispensed to the soldier. Almost immediately after the starting of a Canteen at the barracks, the effect was seen upon these establishments, and before the second month, more than half the little saloons had closed up and their proprietors had moved away. The same was true at Fort Myer. Before the introduction of the Canteen, there were between ten and twenty low groggeries between the terminus of the street railway and the entrance to Arlington, largely depending upon the patronage of the troops. After ten years of the Canteen at the Post only two of these

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were left. Are we to return again to these conditions? And have not the communities near garrison posts some rights which the Government is bound to respect? Must the wives and daughters of the officers be subjected to the environment of debauchery that grows up near the camps when the Canteens are abolished?

Of course, the Canteen is not an ideal institution. Its advocates frankly admit that the total abolition of intoxicants in the Army is a desideratum devoutly to be wished. Personally, almost a total abstainer myself, and after having passed ten years of my life as Chief of the Medical Staff at Blackwell's and Ward's Islands, I would gladly have alcohol eliminated as a product from the face of the earth. Personally, too, I would abolish wars and therefore armies, and the necessities for Canteens; but, unfortunately, this is not a personal matter.

The first responsibility of a government in times of war or peace, should be the proper care of its guardians. The state deprives the soldier of his liberty, prescribes his exercise, equipment, dress and diet. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise.

In the debates on the abolition of the Canteen, one very important factor was entirely omitted that may furnish a subject for reflection to those who were instrumental in bringing about the lamentable change. The enemies of the Canteen seem to have forgotten that, when men accustomed to the use of stimulants are deprived of them in one way, they will resort to other methods to obtain them. A very small percentage of the Army are total abstainers. Soldiers are not prisoners; they are well-paid men and have their pass days. The habits of the vast majority of them were formed long before their enlistment, and a large proportion of them belong to the class known as light drinkers. When the soldier cannot obtain a glass of beer at the Post Exchange in camp, the first place he generally strikes for when on pass is the nearest saloon, where, in Porto Rico, he is served with rum, loaded with fusil oil; at home, vile, doctored whiskey; in the Philippines, *vino,* a sort of wood alcohol, distilled from the nepa plant; or in China the *sam shui,* a product of rice,—all rank poisons, one or two drinks of which "steal away with his brains." Excesses follow to which, when sober, he would be the last to descend; insubordination, drunkenness, debauchery or desertion.

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The record of the summary Court of the 12th U. S. Infantry shows that during February and March, 1900, at Paniqui, P. I., there were between 70 and 90 trials by court martial for each month. Four-fifths of the offences were "intoxication from *vino*." A Post Exchange was established in the latter part of March. Since then and until February, 1901, there were never more than twenty trials in any month, and one month the number was reduced to eight. The record shows no more than two cases of "*vino* intoxication" in any month. The Company commanders' reports show there are but eight total abstainers in the regiment. A personal inspection of the troops stationed in Peking during the winter of 1901, showed over 50 per cent. of all patients under treatment were for venereal diseases. This distressing factor, in connection with the subject of the Canteen, must be seriously considered. This disease always claims a large proportion of patients in a military hospital, but I have it on the authority of Lieut. Greenleaf, that, since the abolition of the Canteen, the percentage of these cases has almost doubled. My own observations tend to a similar conclusion. When the W. C. T. U. realizes that the result of the abolition of the Post Exchange has produced this enormous increase of wretchedness in the Army Hospitals, it will work as earnestly for the *restoration* of the Canteen as it has for its abolition. A prominent army officer at Peking, under date of July 9th, 1901, writes me:

"The W. C. T. U. would have no fault to find with the post here. The men go outside and get drunk on *sam shui* in town, and go to sleep in back yards or other worse places, but the sanctity of the Government reservation is maintained. The Germans have a Bier Halle on the wall at Hartaman Gate. The Japanese have their Canteen. The British have one in their grounds, and bring their beer to their tables. The French soldier has his little bottle of wine at dinner. We alone are virtuous. We are the advocates of reform. We are the great hypocritical hippodrome,—none like us."

The Post Exchange as it existed in 1900 was the most rational compromise that the ripe experience of the ablest officers of the Army could devise,—it was not abused in the camps; it has been the soldier's friend, often saving him from disgrace and disease worse than death. In abolishing it, one might say that Congress in "killing a mouse, resurrected a monster;" and when considering its restoration, as Congress must, it will do well to remember

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that the result of its action has *not* promoted temperance. On the contrary, it has decidedly promoted intemperance, insanity, insubordination, discontent, sullenness, disease and desertion.

Some time ago it was my pleasure to read a paper on this subject before an association composed exclusively of Army Medical Officers, and after a free and full discussion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by them:

"*Whereas*, the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, now in session at St. Paul, recognizes that the abolition of the Army Post Exchange or Canteen has resulted, and must inevitably result, in an increase of intemperance, insubordination, discontent, desertion and disease in the Army, Therefore be it

"*Resolved*, that this body deplores the action of Congress in abolishing the said Post Exchange or Canteen, and, in the interests of sanitation, morality and discipline, recommends its re-establishment at the earliest possible date."

A week later, at the meeting of the American Medical Association, representing the 6,000 leading medical men of this country and Canada, I presented the same resolution and it was adopted without a dissenting voice. At the reunion of the Veterans of the Porto-Rican Expedition, the same unanimity of opinion prevailed; and, at the meeting of the American Public Health Association, Congress was memorialized to restore the Army Canteen. Does not such testimony remove this question immediately from the domain of speculation to one of action? And should there not be a prompt reversal of the present law, no matter how excellent were the motives which inspired the agitation that resulted in its abolishment?

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN.

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THE MONARCHS OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—II. THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about Francis Joseph is that he should still be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Nothing seemed less likely fifty-four years ago, when, as a youth of eighteen, he ascended a throne shaken by revolution and tottering, as all thought, to its final overthrow. More than any man now living, Francis Joseph has confounded the wisdom of the wise. The flight of Louis Philippe to England heralded in a perfect storm of revolution, which raged from Dublin to Milan. No corner of Europe in that tempestuous year but felt its impact in greater or less degree. But nowhere was the popular ferment so fierce and complex as in the historic realm of the Hapsburgs. A five-cornered revolution was Francis Joseph's introduction to the cares of monarchy. In Vienna, it was a struggle for such purely political objects as an extended suffrage, liberty of the press, and the publicity of the courts of justice. Elsewhere, racial and historical complications added to the commotion. The Czechs in Bohemia were agitating with the musket, as they are still agitating with their votes and tongues, for home-rule. In Galicia the Poles demanded autonomy, and the Ruthenian peasants clamored for protection against the Poles. In Hungary, the Servians, Croats, and Roumanians rose against the Magyars, and the Magyars in their turn rose against Austria, and proclaimed their independence. In the Italian provinces, Milan and Venice headed a revolt against all Austrian rule whatsoever.

The world, men said, had ceased to believe in monarchy. Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, and their ascendency with them, would vanish utterly from the earth. A few thought they might survive as constitutional figure-heads, possessing at the outside

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a mere social primacy. But the popular view was that monarchy as an institution had exhausted its mandate, was played out, and could never again be the autocratic force it was. Kaiser Wilhelm I. and Bismarck, Napoleon III., and Francis Joseph were the ironical answer of history to these expectations. And Francis Joseph must in some ways be held the most complete of them all. In Germany and France monarchy regained its position by victories on the battle-field. But Francis Joseph has always been defeated. By the fortune of two bloody wars precious parts of his empire have been lost to him forever. Moreover, he has barely known a year of domestic peace. The pitiless vengeance he took on the insurrectionists of 1848, or that was taken in his name, thrilled Europe with horror. Vienna was drenched in blood; courts-martial covered Hungary with their shooting squads, decimating the Hungarian nobility; throughout the realm an inquisitorial and secret police ferreted out treason and punished it with death. Marshal Haynau, the "hyena of Brescia," who had high-born ladies publicly flogged on their bare backs, was set upon a few years later by the burly draymen of a London brewery he was inspecting, and mercilessly thrashed, every hair in his mustache being torn out by the roots. Francis Joseph himself might not have fared any better. Everywhere he had stirred up the utmost violence of resentment. His name became the symbol of all that was bigoted, reactionary, cruel, and tyrannical. He rode rough-shod over nearly a dozen races. He tried to Germanize by force a realm four-fifths of which had grown to loathe the very name of German. He suppressed all popular liberties; he placed all education, public and private, in the hands of the Church; he revived, in all its infamy, the alliance between the sword and the cross. And even when events had taught him the folly of his ways, even when absolutism was abandoned and an era of something like liberalism succeeded, peace seemed as far off as ever. Europe watches his realm to-day, as it did in 1848, with a sense of impending dissolution.

And yet it has to be said that of all monarchs he is the most trusted and the best beloved, that his person and throne stand out to-day, above the jar and clash of race, as the one common rallying-point to which all his subjects instinctively turn, and that both in and out of the Dual Monarchy the time when his persuasive wisdom and patient devotion shall be lost to the

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state is contemplated with inexpressible dread. A signal testimony, this, to the strength of the monarchical principle, and a rough but wholesome lesson for political prophets. It is something that confutes all logic, and cannot be explained by any number of theories. As a family, the Hapsburgs have had their enormous faults and their still greater failures. Within the last few centuries they have been driven in turn from Spain, the Netherlands, Germany, and Italy. Their once mighty realm has dwindled down to a state smaller than Texas. Their power in the councils of the nations is now but a tithe of what it was even so late as Metternich's day. Of foreign policy, outside the question of the Balkans, they can hardly be said to have any. The Holy Roman Empire, once the dominant fact of Europe, is to-day but the shadow of a name. Nevertheless, in spite of disastrous defeat and loss of territory and eclipsed influence, the Hapsburgs would seem to have an indestructible hold on the affections as well as the obedience of their subjects. And this is a phenomenon that should give pause, if anything can, to the facile prophets of disruption. In this realm, otherwise so torn with strife, strife of race and creed and a hundred economic differences, you have the solid fact that the monarchy is accepted everywhere. The idea of upsetting it in favor of any other form of government is one that has never yet been broached. In all Austria-Hungary there is no party that even dreams of advocating a republic. You have this further fact, which is at least equally weighty, that not only is the monarchy secure, but the dynasty shares in and adds to its security. So long as there is a throne it is not conceivable that any one but a Hapsburg should occupy it; and this two-fold devotion to throne and dynasty will yet pull the Dual Monarchy through many a crisis. It is far from being the only bond that unites the discordant nationalities,—the army is another, the "international necessity" of Austria-Hungary is a third,—but it is perhaps the most subtle and powerful of all, if only by the mere charm of ancient use and wont. The *why* of it may remain a perplexity; the fact itself is palpable beyond argument, and never more palpable than to-day. The influence of the throne in all that concerns Austria-Hungary, its domestic as well as its foreign affairs, is greater at this moment, more persuasive, and finds a readier acceptance, than at any period of the confessedly autocratic régime. Partly, this is due to the virtual break-down

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of parliamentary government and to the weariness which has made the people look to the Emperor as an escape from the turmoil and wranglings of small groups. But more largely it is due to the character and capabilities of the Emperor himself.

Every one remembers the incomparable epigram which Rochester one morning pinned to Charles II.'s bed-room door:

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one."

But Charles's reply, though almost as good, is not perhaps so well known. It was that his sayings were his own and his doings his ministers'. Francis Joseph has never yet been called upon to defend himself against the charge of being witty, and assuredly never will be. His sayings are his own, no doubt, but they have no more wit in them than the Duke of Wellington's. But, as he looks back on the first fifteen years of his reign, he might well feel tempted to borrow the second half of Charles's defence. He might with justice plead that he was not a free agent. He came to the throne, remember, a pupil of Metternich in politics, and, spiritually, almost a vassal of the Holy See. His mother, the Archduchess Sophia, was a clever woman, but the incarnation of eighteenth-century Toryism. The minister whom he found in power was Prince Schwarzenberg, Metternich's inferior in everything except the strength of his reactionary principles. Moreover, Francis Joseph himself was a soldier, a young soldier, and a thorough one, intelligent beyond question; but when you have a whole realm ablaze, what is the intelligence of a boy of eighteen worth? Force, and plenty of it, is his instinctive remedy—a remedy that in this case had the backing of all whose opinions he most valued. It took nearly twenty years to undo the results of that first false start—twenty years, expulsion from the German confederation, and the loss of the Italian provinces, before the natural clear-sightedness of the man got the better of his Hapsburg instincts, before he broke away from his advisers and struck out a line of his own.

Unlike the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs both learn and remember —if you give them time. Francis Joseph, calling in the priest and the soldier and the bureaucracy to help him, tried for a de-

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cade and a half to send a German steam-roller over twenty-five million people and nine different races. Well, all that came to its final, inevitable end thirty-five years ago. He realized his mistake, and admitted it, even to the extent of granting a constitution and allowing the Magyars to resume their old independence. To Americans or Englishmen that might seem but a slight atonement; but his subjects, who knew the tenacity of the Hapsburg instinct for absolutism, appreciated just how much the sacrifice meant. No Hapsburg has ever made such an effort as Francis Joseph to live with the times. Considering all he had to outgrow, it is an effort that might fairly be called wonderful. He found Austria a feudal state; he will leave it pretty much as England was before the Reform Bill. The fundamental liberties are secured as far as they can be secured in a country where race is everything. A constitution, a suffrage of sorts, trial by jury, the right of public meeting, and freedom of the press—he has consented to them all. The Concordat is abolished, the serf is no longer subject to the lord, the shackles of the old trade guilds have been largely removed, and commerce allowed more or less to seek its natural channels. In all this, it may be said, there is nothing to show that Francis Joseph has learned more than the alphabet of modern liberalism. But we must compare the Austria of to-day not with the United States or the England of to-day, but with the Austria of 1848; and, on this basis of national rather than international comparison, one may safely assert that whole centuries seem to separate the Austria of 1902 from the Austria of Metternich. To Francis Joseph must go most of the credit for this advance. He governs as well as reigns; and the greater the paralysis of the Reichsrath, the more completely does the management of the state fall into his hands. True, at the same time, he must bear the blame, or part of it, for the mistakes. The non-settlement of the Bohemian problem is a reproach either to his political sagacity or his strength of will. Twice he has pushed his resolve to the very brink of Federalism, and each time been forced to hark back at the noisy bidding of the anti-Slavists. A more resolute man might have done better, but Francis Joseph has done well.

Gortchakoff used to say that Austria was not a state—it was only a government. He would hardly say so now. The Dual Monarchy is a polyglot patch-work held together by firm strands

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of loyalty to the monarch and his throne. The intense clash of race with race has made the Reichsrath an unworkable cockpit. But above the Reichsrath and its twenty-five wrangling groups stands the Emperor, the calm, the much-trusted, the devoted father of his peoples. Father, not servant, and ruling paternally. Napoleon called himself the Emperor of the French republic. Francis Joseph is the semi-autocrat of a would-be constitutional system. It is a paradox, but then the whole of the Dual Monarchy is a paradox and a puzzle. Enough that all turmoil of race and party strife stops dead on the threshold of the throne, that Czech, German, Magyar, willingly refer their causes to the Emperor, knowing that he will examine thoroughly and judge with strictest fairness. That is an immense position for a man to have won. Indeed, there are times when Francis Joseph might almost seem to have reached Walter Bagehot's ideal of what a king should be—a man of immense industry and moderation, whose experience as a sort of permanent Secretary of State is the sheet-anchor of minister after minister and cabinet after cabinet. Lord Salisbury confessed that he never went against Queen Victoria's advice without regretting it. She, too, had not only untiring energy, but a very real capacity for affairs; and being constantly immersed in them, adding year by year to her store of experience, and aided by that retentiveness of memory which is one of nature's gifts to sovereigns, she became in time a counsellor whom the wisest statesman might consult with profit. With Francis Joseph, but to a far greater degree, it is the same. Ministers come and go, parliaments meet and are prorogued, cabinets are formed and dissolved, but he is always there and always working. All state affairs he knows by heart; for fifty years he has been in the very thick of them, toiling at nothing else; and the throne is at least a watch-tower whence a king with eyes may see his kingdom steadily and see it as a whole. To be, as it were, a final court of appeal, in whose sagacity and breadth and utter zeal for the state all parties believe implicitly, is surely to turn the royal office to a fine and valuable use. The monarch who has achieved this much, as Francis Joseph has, is not hastily to be written down a failure.

But it is not only for what he has done that his peoples send out their hearts to Francis Joseph. It is also for what he is; still more for what he has suffered. His life is one of the great

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tragedies of history. Blow after blow has fallen on him. Every exquisite experience of sorrow that a man or a king can know has been endured by him. "Is nothing to be spared me in this world?" he once cried out in his agony. It would seem not. Apart from defeats and such humiliations as would touch the king at least as much as the man, he has drained the cup of personal griefs to the dregs. His only son died a violent death under circumstances of scandal and mystery. His brother Maximilian went to Mexico to establish an empire, but, as it turned out, only to find a grave. Maximilian's wife, the Empress Charlotte, lost her reason under the blow, and still lives hopelessly insane. His wife's sister, the Queen of Naples, was driven from her throne during the struggle for Italian independence. Four years ago came the most terrible stroke of all. The nation was just preparing to celebrate the jubilee of his accession when the Empress was murdered by an Italian anarchist. Wife, son, and brother—all miserably perished; little wonder his subjects throw into their affection for him a fresh note of tenderness and sympathy.

But Francis Joseph is a lovable character apart from his afflictions. He had in his youth some faults of the kind that monarchs usually incline to. Those who have read that brilliant and captivating book, "The Martyrdom of an Empress," will not need to be told what they were. But too much stress may easily be laid on them. The King took his pleasure where he found it, as kings always have done and will do—and even England has been known to look rather indulgently than otherwise on the wild oats of royalty. The Empress, however, had not the art of sinking the woman in the Queen. Her life was a long struggle between the claims of her personality and the duties of a royal station. Her delicate, generous, and impulsive nature seemed to expand to its full measure only in rare moments of escape from its public environment. Her instincts and tastes were all at war with her position, and much of the extreme pathos of her life was due to this ceaseless conflict between the restrictions of queenhood and her desire to realize herself. There was, accordingly, for a while, some friction between the royal couple, though long before her tragic end the Emperor had learned to value her at her true worth. A collection of impressions among those who know him goes to show that honesty is his dominant trait—honesty and conscientiousness. Hasner, who worked under

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him as Prime Minister, described him, in his memoirs, as "the most industrious man in the realm," and Bismarck endorsed the statement. Both were good judges of work. For most of us the mere fact that the Emperor is at his desk by five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, will be enough. Himself the personification of routine and industry, he exacts method and hard and accurate work from all his subordinates. His mind, though not quick to assimilate, has a more valuable quality—that of retentiveness. He rarely forgets anything, be it a face or a fact. A former Minister of Justice, Glaser by name, records that the Emperor once called his attention to a couple of contradictory provisions in the draft of an extensive and complicated legal code, that had escaped even the trained eyes of the law officers to the crown.

It was once said of Sir Robert Peel that he was qualified to take any post in the government. The same, or nearly the same, might have been said of President Harrison. Of Francis Joseph it is the bare truth, so completely have his unflagging interest and energy mastered the outlines and even the details of the big departments of state. He never parades his knowledge, as his ally the German Emperor is apt to do, but it is always there when wanted. His is at bottom a very simple character, sympathetic, frank, unobtrusive, dependable. Twice a week he gives audience to any of his subjects who may wish to consult with him. Their letters asking for an audience are sent in to the Emperor's private secretary. Inquiries are made as to the truth of their contents, and, if satisfactory, the writer, of whatever rank he may happen to be, is granted an interview with his sovereign alone. Nothing has done more to endear the Emperor to his subjects than these informal audiences, through which countless wrongs have been quickly redressed, troubles smoothed away, assistance rendered, as well as frank, soldierly advice, and more distress relieved than the world will ever hear of. There the patriarchal system shows itself at its kindliest; there the sorrow-stricken monarch can for a while forget his griefs in the sympathy they have taught him. Perhaps, too, of all who come to him, and of all the poor whose feet he has washed each Easter-tide, there is not one whom in his heart of hearts this hapless, wearied man does not envy.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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PIETRO MASCAGNI: AN INQUIRY.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

WHATEVER a remoter verdict may determine as to Pietro Mascagni's proper place in the history of musical art, it is impossible to-day to escape the conviction that he is, in a very certain and complete degree, the sheer musician of the theatre—the ideal lyrico-dramatic commentator of Wagner's unrealized dreams. Wherewith I come to a most curious point of comparison.

It is one of the strangest paradoxes in musical history that Wagner, in attempting a concrete embodiment of his ideal of an uncompromisingly subordinate musico-dramatic speech, should have failed as signally as if he had been, instead of the impassioned follower of Gluck and the Florentines, the most abandoned of the Neapolitans. Surely, in the entire range of the arts, there is no case that would seem to make so exquisitely ironic an appeal to the tenderer moods of the Comic Spirit than the amazing spectacle of Wagner the dramatic poet, Wagner the regenerator of the *dramma per musica,* the relentless antagonist of opera for music's sake, producing lyric plays in which the music overshadows the drama as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare overshadows the "Hamlet" of Tschaikowsky. Wagner, primarily and fundamentally a musical artist, a weaver of tonal spells, must inevitably have defeated his own ends when he undertook to realize his—for him—unattainable ideal of a lyrical drama in which the music should be merely accessory and contributive. It was not that he fell short, but that he went too far: he should have stopped—as Mascagni stops—at mere intensification. He wrote for his dramas, instead of music that should have been simply supplemental and significant, music that is, in and of itself, so superlative, so engrossing, so stupendous and exigent in its beauty, that it becomes the overwhelmingly dominant and essen-

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tial factor. "Tristan und Isolde" is, as Mr. Ernest Newman has remarked, "not so much an opera, as a symphonic poem to which words have sometimes been added, by hook or by crook."

It was a glorious, a triumphant, failure—but a failure, nevertheless, if he were to stand or fall by his purpose rather than by his achievement; and where Wagner, in his "Tristan" and "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal," fails, Mascagni, in (say) his "Cavalleria Rusticana," transcendently succeeds. "Cavalleria" is the essential, the ideal music-drama—the perfect consummation and fulfilment of Wagner's conception of a drama vitalized and emotionally quickened by a co-operative, but subsidiary, musical accompaniment. Here is no absorbingly gorgeous fabric of musical investiture to divert the attention and the imagination from the immediate concerns of the drama itself. The music throughout is unswervingly attendant upon the dramatic action. It is invariably subservient and reflective; never for a moment does it assert itself beyond the limits imposed by its proper function of simply heightening and intensifying the emotional appeal of the play. It fulfils, with absolute fidelity, Wagner's precept that the auditor should be aware of the music only as an enforcement and intensification of the dramatic moment. Here it is precisely that: the naked, the sheer equivalent of the inner and the external movement of the tragedy. That, beyond question, is its excelling virtue: its perfect co-ordination of the action and the tone—its admirable singleness of purpose and of effect. In that, it is an indubitably superb and unsurpassable achievement. The music, *quâ* music, has nothing of that tragic beauty which in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" entrances the sense and "turns the heart to water"; and to call it distinguished, in any merely musical sense, would be grotesquely to pervert the fact. Its melodic vein is predominantly coarse and obvious; its harmonic plan is wantonly uncouth; its musicianship is unimpressive: but, despite its frequent and violent departures from musical rectitude, despite its vulgarity and extravagance and blatant crudity, the score of "Cavalleria" remains a tragic masterpiece, marvellous in its concision, its swiftness, its incomparable dramatic verity.

"Cavalleria," of course, we had known before Mascagni's recent personal invasion of our operatic stage, though his memorably eloquent interpretation of the score revealed unsuspected and ad-

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mirable excellences in its structure and effect. But of his other six operas, we have known only "L'Amico Fritz," produced in New York nine years ago—a work highly inconsequential and unrepresentative, and of negligible significance in its relation to the development of Mascagni's artistic personality. The composer's visit, however, calamitous and abortive as it was, has served to disclose aspects of his art at once surprising and delightful. We have heard for the first time, under Mascagni's own impassioned and illuminative direction, his "Zanetto"* and "Iris"; his "Guglielmo Ratcliff," which he had planned also to produce, is still virtually an unknown quantity.

The Mascagni whom we knew—the Mascagni of "Cavalleria"—was a man direct and impetuous of utterance almost to the point of brutality, hot-blooded, vehement, superlatively uncontemplative. The Mascagni of recent revelation—the Mascagni of "Zanetto" and "Iris"—is an admirable pagan turned would-be mystic, a dreamer of dreams, a seeker after the distinguished phrase and the subtler inspiration: in short, a talent of surpassing virility and exuberance, widened in scope and shaped to a finer utterance, to a maturer and more heedful poise, but still, in its impulses, unregulated and chaotic.

It is extremely fortunate that Mascagni was enabled to produce his "Iris" here, and that we were not under the necessity of basing a judgment of his later work upon "Zanetto" alone. Surely no more anomalous and unaccountable thing exists in music than these mock-mystical vaporings conceived by the brain of the man who has given us "Cavalleria Rusticana." The text is derived by Mascagni's librettists, Signori Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci, from François Coppée's delightful idyl, "*Le Passant.*" Silvia, the charming hostess of a country inn, is become blasé and jaded from a life of much emotional activity. She encounters Zanetto, a roving minstrel, for whom she conceives an ardent passion. Zanetto, also enamored, proffers his devotion; but Silvia, who has meanwhile been made aware of an ultimate and transcendent ideal not to be attained through mere earthly passion, denies her love and his, and sends him from her. And the moral of it all, the libretto naïvely explains, "is that true love is willing to sacrifice itself, in order that its ideal may

* The music of "Zanetto" was performed at one of the Astoria concerts in January, 1898, under the direction of Mr. Seidl.

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achieve its high ambition." In itself, the little drama has a singular and haunting charm. There is a noble and penetrating aspiration implicit in its central motive, a high and authentic poetry in its symbolism. It is curiously like, in intention, that other and miraculously lovely spiritual fable, Mr. Yeats's "The Shadowy Waters." Silvia is a feminine and sentimentalized Forgæl, become suddenly aware that

> "The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness,"

and denying Zanetto and his humanly eager passion as Forgæl denies Dectora. Here, obviously, is a conception which it is perhaps unreasonable to suppose that such a musician as Mascagni could ever have comprehended; it is inconceivable that he could ever have realized it musically. Peter Cornelius would have contrived an exquisite setting for such a theme; César Franck, or Debussy, or Vincent D'Indy, might have found for it an adequate musical equivalent. But for Mascagni that feat were impossible. Quintessentially Italian, he is anything but a mystic; his temperament is, in fact, at a further remove from the temperament of the typical mystic, the clairvoyant visionary, than that of almost any composer in the history of music. His art knows no hesitancies, no withdrawals into the shadow; whatever of beauty and intensity it owns is of the surface, obvious in the most immediate sense of the word. He is not of that clan who have "turned their longing after the wind and wave of the mind." He is the sheer materialist, untroubled by any too urgent intuitions of the dæmonic, and with no message of any sort—save that of his own gospel of musical beauty—to deliver. Such a temperament, one would have said in advance of the event, could not but be permanently disqualified for the musical expression of such a subject; and so it has proved. The score of "Zanetto" is a miracle of dullness; throughout its dreary length, it contains scarcely a phrase that is not compact of unrelieved platitude. One waits for a passion and a poignancy, a moment of vivifying emotion, that never comes. There is no heightening, no grasp of mood, no distinction of utterance. There is, in short, a complete and lamentable absence of inspiration. It was scarcely to be expected that Mascagni would achieve spiritual intensity, or any

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subtlety of interpretation. But here is not even the vividness and the passion of "Cavalleria," nor its eloquent brevity of characterization. "Zanetto" must be—one most sincerely hopes that it is—a mark of the lowest ebb to which it is possible for Mascagni's powers to decline.

"Iris" is in a wholly different case. It justifies, in a measure, the faith in Mascagni's potentialities which "Cavalleria" inspired, and which European judgments of his subsequent performances tended so persistently to discourage. One is scarcely prepared to maintain that in "Iris" he has actually accomplished all that was promised of him under the sway of those unheedful enthusiasms of twelve years ago. But, beyond any question at all, the music of "Iris" is the most brilliant, the most pregnant, the most beautiful and distinguished that we have yet heard from Mascagni. With one's ears haunted by the memory of so nobly beautiful and moving a phrase as Cieco's extremely pathetic "*Dammi il braccio! Una carezza al vecchio Cieco!*" it is difficult to believe that one has been listening to music by the composer of "Zanetto" and—if I may say it—of the "Intermezzo."

As a dramatic text, "Iris," to be quite frank, is preposterous. A tragic action devoid of essential humanity, with no logical organic growth, and crassly melodramatic in its structure, is framed in a setting of Oriental symbolism superficially felt and unintelligently utilized, and bearing merely a decorative relation to the drama. Iris, a young and guileless Japanese, is abducted by an adventurous roué and detained against her will in a resort in the Yoshiwara. Her blind and decrepit father, believing that she has deserted him voluntarily, seeks her out and curses her, flinging mud in her face. Iris, crazed by his imprecations, throws herself from a window into an adjacent sewer, where she is discovered, half-alive, by some wandering rag-pickers. As the sun rises, she expires, and (in the exalted phrase of the libretto) "flowers . . . knot themselves about her, as human arms, and lift her up toward the Azure, the Infinite, and to the Sun." Upon this basis of sheer melodrama and ineffectual allegory, Mascagni has erected a musical structure which is, when one considers the material with which he had to work, surprisingly eloquent. There are moments of labored and abortive ugliness; the psychology is often lacking in acuteness, and the invention not infrequently flags. But, when all has been said that may justly be affirmed in

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depreciation, this impassioned and colorful score still remains a remarkable achievement. There are superb passages—the immensely effective introduction, with its climax of vivid orchestral light; Iris's opening solo (if one is not annoyed by a reminder of Wagner's "Tristan"); Cieco's agonized lament, and the conclusion of the first act; Iris's narrative in the second act; Osaka's passionate supplications; Iris's dying soliloquy. Above all—and it is the redeeming trait of Mascagni's artistic character, the palliation for his undeniable faults of over-emphasis, and brutality, and incoherence—there is the constant presence, in this as in his other works, of that "splendid and imperishable excellence" which Mr. Swinburne found to atone for all of Byron's offences and to outweigh all his defects: "the excellence of sincerity and strength." That much, at least, Mascagni's most grudging detractor must concede to him.

At that time, sufficiently remote from the present, when it will be possible and right to attempt a final estimate of Mascagni, I think it will be said of him that he was primarily a worker in the open, going no further than a passionate sincerity and an invincible vitality of purpose could take him,—not caring, in fact, to penetrate very deeply or curiously beneath the human surfaces of life. The events of the psychic world—the world of emotion and desire and passionate conflict—dominate his imagination and completely enchain his spirit. He has not "a far-wandering wing"; nor has he the remotest concern with that other world "on whose leaning brows are mystery and shadow." Not for him the troubled and eager quest of that inexorable ideal which offers "but wind and shadow" for reward in the attainment; nor, for him, the unwearying search for an ultimate beauty, a perfected design and utterance. But whatever virtues inhabit sincerity and truth and power, are his, beyond the possibility of denial. And they are virtues which will carry one far, if not quite to immortality.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

A RECENT article of mine advocating small rather than large families has called out an avalanche of criticism which shows that further consideration of the subject is advisable. The dissenting critics objected principally to the "selfishness" of the argument, which was, in effect, that parents have a right to claim some of the desirable things of life for themselves, and should not be required to make their whole existence a sacrifice for children. The purpose of this paper is to discuss the question from the standpoint of the child itself, which, indeed, is of such vast importance as to make all others seem of small consequence.

There are few responsibilities in life which can compare in gravity with that of bringing a child into the world. The utter failure on the part of the masses to realize their solemn accountability in this respect, shows how much is yet lacking in their development as human beings, and how largely the animal is still in the ascendency. Among the lower orders, the production of offspring is in obedience to mere animal instincts, and all their responsibility and parental affection end after a few weeks of infancy. Man is supposed to have evolved into a higher life, where mere instinct has been supplemented by conscience, reason, foresight, scientific knowledge and the ability to profit by the experience of the preceding generations. There is no possible defence for his following blindly the promptings of instinct, regardless of the inevitable consequences.

This principle is nowhere so applicable as in the production of children. The fact that nature makes it possible for the average human pair to produce from ten to twenty, no more justifies them in doing so than would superior strength justify men in preying upon their fellows and claiming whatever they were able to take

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by physical force, which undoubtedly was the natural habit of our ancestors. The object of civilization is to subdue the animal tendencies, to bring human beings into fraternal and equitable relations with each other, and to secure an orderly arrangement of society which will tend to the highest development of the race. Life is a constant struggle against a return to the original state of savagery—or nature, to put it more politely—and the ability to conquer this tendency is the test of civilization.

The responsibility of every parent is twofold; first, to the child; second, to society. The child's absolute right is to have a fair start. Society's absolute right is to have in every new member a help and not a hindrance. Both the child and society are wholly at the mercy of parents. If parents produce children with proper physical, mental and moral endowments, and if they are able to give their children the care and training necessary for the development of these qualities, then they are entitled to the gratitude of both the children and society, but if they fail in either respect they commit a crime against both. Those people who are so insistent in their demand for large families, who quote so loudly the divine decree, make no distinction but only cry, "Bring forth."

Is it numbers that are needed? Read the record of the statistics, the story of the superfluous children. The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1900 gives the following figures:

Schools for the blind (sixteen States and Territories not reported)	37
Number of pupils	4,021
Value of grounds, buildings, apparatus, etc., not including libraries	$6,395,140
Expenditure for year	$1,039,791
School for deaf mutes (report given only for the fifty-six State institutions)	114
Number of pupils	11,104
Value of buildings, etc., as above	$12,136,936
Expenditure for year	$2,359,835
Schools for feeble-minded (only nineteen States reported)	29
Number of pupils	11,217
Value of grounds, buildings, etc	$3,608,198
Expenditures for the year	$1,685,482
Whole number of defective children in these three classes	26,342
Schools for same	180
Amount of money invested	$22,140,274
Amount of money annually expended	$5,085,108

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These figures afford merely an approximate idea of the situation, as there are no reports from a large number of States; those given are simply from public institutions, there being none from the large number of a private nature; and only those children are considered who have been placed in schools. No account is taken of the thousands who are in almshouses and asylums, or of those cared for in private homes or not cared for at all. That the numbers given in these reports represent but a small proportion of the defective children in the country may be judged from the fact that they record only 11,217 Feeble-Minded Children, whereas, at a recent meeting in Boston, a specialist in the subject stated that there are over 130,000 of these in the United States, and that not more than 9,000 are adequately taken care of. The statistics published by the Commissioner of Education show merely a portion of the vast annual expenditure of the States on this account, from which no returns whatever can be expected, and which would be increased many fold if all these unfortunates were properly cared for.

But there is another class of children whom the State must maintain, and the Commissioner gives also reports from 80 of the 88 Reform Schools of the United States, which contain about 24,000 children. The value of the grounds and buildings is placed at $17,504,444; and the yearly expenses at $3,831,034. There were 12,750 children committed to these schools in 1900 alone. These figures cover only those who are placed in the schools for a number of years, and do not include the uncounted thousands who are daily sentenced for a short period to the hundreds of institutions which have been established for the purpose in the various cities, nor those other countless thousands at large upon the streets who ought to be put under wholesome restraint. The most trustworthy investigations of various commissions have resulted in the statement that crime among children is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of population. In 1899, Chicago established a Juvenile Court to try children's cases, and in the first year 2,378 were brought before it; in the following ten months the total number had increased to 4,200. In 1901, Philadelphia made the same experiment and reported 1,204 cases for the year. New York has recently constituted a similar court, and in two months 1,089 children were up for trial.

Besides the defective and delinquent, there is still another

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rapidly increasing class of children for whom the State must be responsible, known as the dependent. These include the orphaned poor, the deserted, the diseased, the crippled, etc. Twelve years ago, in 1890, there were 613 charitable institutions for the care of such children, and many have since been added to the number. It is estimated by Homer Folks, Commissioner of Public Charities for the State of New York, that there are in the United States at the present time not less than 150,000 of these children who are being cared for by charity. This number is exclusive of the blind, the deaf-mutes, the feeble-minded, the insane, the epileptic and the criminals. The report to the recent National Conference of Charities and Corrections announced that the State of New York alone pays $2,000,000 *per annum* for the support of dependent children. The number in the State increased 10,000 between 1890 and 1900. In New York City during the two and one-half years ending in 1900, 9,824 children became public charges.

In addition to all the institutions mentioned, there are an endless number of free hospitals, maintained by public and private subscriptions, for the care of sick and crippled children whose parents are unable to pay for the necessary attention; of day nurseries for the care of children whose mothers must earn their bread; and of foundling hospitals for those whose parents brought them into the world only to desert them. The Foundling Hospital of New York City, since its establishment thirty years ago, has had to find homes for over 40,000 of such children. In one borough of Greater New York—that of Manhattan—more than 25,000 women annually are absolutely dependent on public charity for care in child-birth, and there are constant appeals for help from the maternity hospitals, which are wholly inadequate to the demands upon them.

Most of the large cities are now maintaining Truant Schools, with the proper officers to search out and compel the attendance of idle and vicious children whose parents will not or cannot do so. There are in the United States 161 Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—in many cases cruelty on the part of their own parents, in others on the part of those in whose custody the children have been left by parents unwilling or incompetent to take care of them. The Society in New York has had charge of as many as 15,000 in one year.

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This is a dark picture. It would be impossible to find a gloomier one, unless we followed the career of these children through manhood and womanhood, many of them remaining helpless charges upon the public through a long life, others preying on their fellows and compelling the maintenance of our criminal courts, station-houses, jails, penitentiaries and all their expensive accompaniments. A study of these figures may answer the question whether it is more children that are needed, or better ones. It seems a hopeless undertaking to lift up the race into higher conditions, with such children continually brought into existence by hundreds of thousands. Disease begets disease, crime breeds crime, and a crowded population is the most fruitful cause of both. The most utterly discouraging feature of the slums in our cities is the immense number of children that swarm in them, and yet to begin with them is the only chance for lessening crime and misery. If the over-production would cease only for a few generations the problems could be solved. The Divine Father never would have given the command to "increase and multiply" such as these. It is principally because the families are so large that they are so terribly poor, and that the parents become discouraged and reckless and seek to forget their wretchedness in dissipation.

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford of New York, lectured to a club of young men recently, and is reported to have said:

> "The idea of limiting the family to one or two children is prevailing all over the country, and God's curse will come upon a people who keep this up. . . . Five out of six of the young men in every city of over 20,000 people live in boarding-houses, as the conditions are such that they cannot afford to get married. The young women are working in shops and stores for less money than can barely support them. . . . The unskilled laborer cannot make enough to provide for old age."

Well, is the remedy more people, to be mere consumers for many years and then to join the ranks of laborers for whom now there is not enough work to go around? Cannot Dr. Rainsford see the absurdity of denouncing small families in one breath, and in the next lamenting that young men and women cannot afford to marry? Can he not recognize that it is because of the probability of a large family that they do not dare to marry? The average young man could support himself and a wife—the poorest could do so if the wife were able to render some assistance;

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but this would not be possible if there should be a constantly increasing number of children with the inevitable demands upon time, money and strength. It is true beyond all question that industrial conditions ought to be such as would enable every man, who is willing to work, to maintain a family in comfort, but unfortunately we have to face what is instead of what ought to be. It is for the best interests of society, and for the greatest happiness of individuals, that men and women should marry; but there is no one thing which operates so much against this as the dread of a big family.

The religious argument in favor of "as many children as the Lord sends," which is the one most frequently used, does not apply to this country and people. The command, "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth," was given to man in his primitive state, in a country which was sparsely settled by a nomadic, agricultural people, with an apparently limitless area of land in which to wander. Then, and after they became consolidated into nations, physical force ruled, and each tribe or nation was a constant menace to the others. So great was the need of men to build the cities and then defend them, that by divine permission each man took many wives in order to increase the number of offspring—males for work and war, females for the production of more children; and the woman who bore the largest number rendered the greatest service to the community.

In a less degree, these conditions still prevail in the warlike countries of the Old World, but the ancient command is entitled to no authority in this new world at the beginning of this new century. The rapid increase in population in previous ages was held in check by war, plague and famine. Famine is unknown in our land. Epidemics of all kinds have been brought under such control that never again will they carry off their thousands. War in a limited degree we shall have for a few more generations, but not to such an extent as to involve any general depopulation. Our people who are now born and are to be born will live out their days and, with advancing knowledge of the prevention and cure of disease, there will be an added longevity. Besides the natural increase, we probably shall have the annual addition of a half-million immigrants for many years. Our area of country is limited, and the most desirable portions are already occupied. The salvation of our cities lies in having the small towns and the

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agricultural communities to draw upon for fresh, vigorous blood. For the whole country to be densely populated would be the greatest of calamities. Industrial competition is already so keen as to cause severe struggle and hardship, and the entrance of our own women into the fields of paid labor is viewed with alarm and protest. What is there, then, to justify a demand for larger families? Is it numbers that are wanted? Look at the conditions in China and India! No; we have now reached the point where quality, not quantity, is imperatively needed.

Where, then, shall we look for the quality? If among the rich, then we might be justified in demanding that they should produce the large families; but the children of the rich are not always the most desirable citizens. Besides, inheritance keeps the wealth in one family and prevents its distribution. Very few rich men with large families have bequeathed their accumulations for the benefit of society; most have used them rather to create many millionaires where there was but one.

If it is necessary for the good of the State that the very poor should have an extensive progeny, then it certainly should be obligatory upon the State to grant ample and systematic assistance. It should be so arranged that no mother of a family should be obliged to go outside the home to earn its subsistence, but every child should be provided with suitable food, clothing and education. If the parents have performed a sacred obligation in producing a large number of children, the State should not be allowed to escape the task of making them into good citizens. It is said that there are 20,000 little white slaves in the cotton mills of South Carolina alone. The mothers are there also. If the commonwealth needs these children, it should take them out of the factories and give them the rights of childhood, and it should help to maintain the mothers who bore them.

Perhaps it is the well-to-do middle classes who should have the large families. But even here husbands and wives should first ask themselves these questions: "Are we fitted to give our children their birthright of physical, mental and moral health? Will they inherit through our family lines any constitutional disease—consumption, cancer, insanity, epilepsy, intemperance, impaired sight or hearing? Is there a moral taint in the blood which will afflict these helpless beings with criminal instincts?" If these exist, it is the imperative duty of men and women to

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stop their propagation, in justice to the children and to the whole social body. They could thus be eradicated in one generation, and in a few more we would have a race of whom it would not be sacrilege to say that they were created in the image of God.

But if husbands and wives can answer to their consciences that these beings whom they would usher into a crowded world will have a fair start physically, mentally and morally, they must meet still another serious question: "Are we able to provide their birthright of proper food, clothes, shelter, surroundings and education?" The crime of bringing children into abject poverty is too obvious to need discussion, but parents in moderate circumstances also should weigh these points carefully. The requirements now for an even chance are far in excess of what they used to be. When all were poor and life was simple, when the field of labor was wide and thinly occupied, and when the highly educated were the exceptions, large families could struggle along on very little and keep up with their neighbors. In the wonderful development of our country, with its rapid industrial expansion, there have been opportunities for the poor and uneducated which will not come to those of the future. The keen competition, the complex demands of the present, will become still more exacting, and the man or woman without specific training will be heavily handicapped. Added to this will be the tendency to crowd even the middle-aged to the wall, so that both the brain-workers and the hand-workers must make their competency early in life.

The problem which parents must face to-day is far more complicated than that which confronted those of a few generations ago. The weeding-out process which results in the survival of the fittest is destined to grow more and more vigorous. Many parents who could give a careful training and thorough education to two or three children could not do so to six or eight, and therefore all, or at any rate some, of the six or eight would have to enter upon life's work only partially prepared. Children who may be turned out hereafter at an early age to "hustle" for themselves will not fare so well as those of the past have done.

It is insisted that Americans should have large families because the foreigners who come here have such a numerous progeny. But who are Americans? Those who a generation or two ago were foreigners. Many of our best citizens to-day are only a

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few removes from the steerage. We do not know how many of the vast army of the defective, dependent and delinquent children mentioned above are "American" and how many "foreign"; but statistics which were taken in 1900 of 16,000 in the Reform Schools showed that 9,075 came from native-born and 6,925 from foreign-born parents.

It is also insisted that people of means and education should have a large number of children because the poor and ignorant produce so many. But does it help the latter to become desirable citizens, to place over them a still greater number who are infinitely better prepared in every way for the battle of life? The immense reproduction of the lower classes is unavoidable; and, instead of trying to outnumber them, the better classes can more effectually serve society by having smaller families themselves, and applying the surplus parental affection and care, and the surplus time and money, toward fitting those unfortunates for respectable and useful lives. Over one-fourth of our entire population now is composed of children of school age, and there is not a large city in the United States which has sufficient accommodations to give a full day's tuition to all those who wish it.

At the usual rate of increase, the next census will record a population of 100,000,000 in the United States. This is all that the area of our country and the condition of our industries require. If this population should remain stationary, all the harassing questions of the present could be solved—the labor problem, the school problem, the social problem and the rest. Employment could be provided for all, and, with the inevitable increase of the demand for labor unaccompanied by an increase in the supply of laborers, the wage question would settle itself. Men could afford to marry, and the frugal and industrious could secure a home and more than a living. All of the children could be properly educated, and there would be a place for them when they were ready for work, which would not be until they had reached a suitable age. This would be not only the most prosperous nation on earth, but a nation of the most prosperous individuals. There would be also a mental and moral development such as never has been approximated in the world's history.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

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PORFIRIO DIAZ.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RET.

FULL of fire and vigor for all his threescore and twelve years, General Don Porfirio Diaz can look back with deep content and quiet satisfaction to a long life well spent in building up his fatherland and bringing it to the front among the nations of the earth. The foundations of national well-being are threefold: security, prosperity, culture. For each of the three President Diaz worked with strong will and penetrating intellect; first attaining national security through long years of fighting, in campaigns full of romantic daring, wonderful strategy and almost incredible escapes, against native tyrants, foreign invaders and revolutionary rivals; then struggling with equal force, with equal wisdom, for the victories of peace: increasing the nation's revenues fivefold, bringing in the whole modern equipment of railroads, factories, telegraphs, into what was a wilderness of forest and mountain; and, finally, working for the purely intellectual fruits of culture, perfecting the schools, compelling all the children in the land to share their benefits, and opening up to them the intense life of the great nation to the north, by adding the study of our language to their own.

When Porfirio Diaz was born, the last rumblings of the struggle for freedom against Spain were still echoing among the valleys of the Sierra Madre. The long line of Mexican viceroys, founded by Charles the Emperor, and continued by Philip of the Inquisition, sixty-four rulers of almost kingly power, had passed away, and the new nation was struggling towards unity and conscious life. Diaz was born in Oaxaca, then a city of some twenty thousand people. His birthday was September 15th, 1830: just twenty years after the young priest Hidalgo had first raised the standard of revolt against Spain, choosing a favorable moment

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toward the close of 1810, when the mother-country was overwhelmed by the Napoleonic struggle and the Peninsular War.

The chief figure in Mexico during those years, and through all the boyhood and manhood of Porfirio Diaz, was Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, who again and again raised himself to almost despotic power, only to be overthrown in the end, and who died an exile only twenty-six years ago. The year before Porfirio Diaz was born, Santa Ana forced an invading Spanish army to capitulate at Tampico, and the prestige of this national triumph gave him the presidency of Mexico four years later, in 1833. Santa Ana was a reactionary, and found his allies in the old Latin priesthood and the religious orders, just as does the reactionary party in France to-day. He formally abrogated the Constitution, banished the Liberals, and gathered all power into his own hands. Against this despotism Texas revolted, declaring for independence in 1836. The campaign which followed, stained by the massacre of the Alamo, and closed by Houston's victory at San Jacinto and the recognition of Texan freedom, cost Santa Ana his popularity and power; but the French invasion of 1838, and his victory over the invader at Vera Cruz, set him once more in the seat of the mighty. The next few years saw him twice an exile and twice president of Mexico, full of soaring ambition, and with all the instincts of a despot.

Meanwhile, Porfirio Diaz had been growing to boyhood and manhood in the southern city of Oaxaca. Juarez, the great aboriginal, was then governor of the State, and this contributed much to the unfolding destiny of Diaz. When Diaz was three years old, his father died, and many difficulties overtook the family. The struggle to overcome them brought out the youth's latent manhood. Leaving the primary school at seven, he worked in a store for a year; then passed through the secondary school and entered the seminary, as his mother wished to make him a priest. He worked hard as a private tutor, and about this time met Juarez. The War of 1846 with the United States set the first spark to his latent martial genius, and he offered himself for military service, giving up all thoughts of entering the Church. Shortly afterwards, the governor had him appointed librarian, and he still carried on his work as private tutor to the children of his native city. The former divinity-student now entered the law-school; later graduating, and gaining the professorship of

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Roman law; and at the same time adding practice to theory by entering the law firm of Juarez, and becoming president of the Oaxaca law-club.

Porfirio Diaz, though volunteering for military service in the war of 1846, was not called to the front, and did not get his first taste of actual fighting until some eight years later. The brunt of that war was borne by the ill-starred Santa Ana, whom fate once more called on, in spite of all his soaring ambition, to consent to the defeat and diminution of his country. After this disastrous defeat, came the resignation of Santa Ana, who once more left his native land in disgrace.

But the wheel of fate turned for him again, and in 1853 he was recalled by the Conservatives, once more to fill the presidency of Mexico. At the close of that year he assumed the position of dictator, and conferred on himself the presumptuous title of Supreme Highness. This was the occasion which first called Porfirio Diaz into prominence. For, within a few months, Santa Ana, wishing to strengthen his position by a show of legality, and following the example which Napoleon III. had set in the autumn of 1852, ordered a plebiscite, to approve and affirm his dictatorship. Porfirio Diaz, then a rising lawyer in Oaxaca, was one of the very few who refused to cast their votes for the dictator, and his arrest as a traitor was immediately decreed. He was seized, and condemned to summary execution,—much as he himself treated the bandits who once infested the Mexican mountains; but with great intrepidity he managed to escape, though challenged and shot at by a sentry, and joined the revolutionary band of Herrera. Then followed a period of disturbance and upheaval, unequalled even in Mexico, which has seen so many political storms. A vigorous campaign, or, to speak more accurately, a network of guerilla warfare, was carried on by all those who revolted against the absolutism of Santa Ana, and into this contest Porfirio Diaz entered heart and soul. The would-be despot was finally driven from the capital in August, 1855, to spend the long evening of his life in exile, perpetually nursing vain hopes and stratagems for a return to power and his native land. This new revolution brought to the top Benito Juarez, whom we have seen opening the way in Oaxaca to his future ally, rival, and successor. Juarez became President of the Supreme Court of Justice, and thus, according to Mexican law, stood first in succession to the presi-

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dency. Juarez obtained for his former protégé and partner the post of political chief, or mayor, of the town of Tehuantepec, which has some ten thousand inhabitants, and is of unusual interest as the former capital of the Zapotec Indians, from whom Benito Juarez was sprung. The young mayor distinguished himself chiefly as an organizer of militia, turning the Indians, who form a large majority of the state, into well disciplined and active soldiers.

When the long struggle between the Liberals and the Church, or, to speak more truly, between the civil power and the immensely wealthy religious orders, began to rage in Mexico, Porfirio Diaz used his levies to great effect in the cause of liberty and the civil power; and when a series of revolutions at last assured to Juarez the presidency to which he was legally entitled, Diaz had already established a reputation as a daring and most effective fighter. Juarez had to submit to the inevitable flight from the capital, which seems a part of the presidential procedure of Mexico, but presently succeeded in establishing himself in the Gulf port of Vera Cruz, where, in July, 1859, he issued his famous decree confiscating the property of the religious orders. This was followed by eighteen months of continuous fighting, in which Diaz played a conspicuous part, and, finally triumphing, Juarez at last established himself in the Mexican capital in the last days of 1860. The work of confiscation went on with increased rigor and vigor. Monasteries were closed, and the members of the religious orders were expelled. The amount of property confiscated by the state has been estimated at $20,000,000.

Then President Juarez committed himself to a policy which brought on his country a wave of foreign invasion and international strife. Juarez issued a decree suspending payment of all foreign debts for two years. The foreign debt of Mexico then amounted to $100,000,000, divided between England, Spain, and France, the lion's share being held in England. On the part of Mexico, it was claimed that this debt was almost wholly founded on fraudulent or usurious contracts, and that the rights of France in the debt were practically fictitious. This decree was the signal for an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations with Mexico by England, France, and Spain, and this opened the way for the long-cherished schemes of Napoleon III.

Meanwhile Porfirio Diaz had gradually fought his way to the

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rank of brigadier-general, playing the decisive part in the contest between President Juarez and the revolutionists who had tried to drive him from power. The eyes of Juarez were, therefore, naturally turned to General Diaz, when the allied forces of England, France, and Spain undertook the invasion of Mexico to secure "more efficacious protection for the persons and properties of their subjects, as well as a fulfilment of the obligations contracted toward their majesties by the republic." England defined her intentions, in joining the expedition: she would seize the custom-houses of Mexico, in order to collect the amount of her claim, but she refused to go farther with her more impetuous allies. The allied powers explicitly pledged themselves not to acquire territory, and to refrain from influencing the internal affairs of Mexico.

But the presiding genius of the expedition had different designs from the very beginning. England contributed a battleship, two frigates and 700 marines; Spain sent 6,000 men under Marshal Prim; and the forces of France, at first only 2,500 in number, were later increased by large re-enforcements. Then came the landing of the allied armies, but the revelation of France's designs soon caused the withdrawal of the Spanish and English troops. Puebla with its 80,000 inhabitants stood on the direct road from the port to the capital, and here General Diaz concentrated the forces of Mexico for a stubborn and prolonged resistance to the invader. In May, 1862, he repulsed the French around Puebla, carrying on the struggle for more than a year longer, until final defeat at Puebla in June, 1863, made him a prisoner, and he was sent in captivity to Vera Cruz. President Juarez was a fugitive in the northern states, and Maximilian was summoned from Austria to the Mexican throne. He landed a year after the capture of Puebla, and entered Mexico as Emperor. Juarez was still fighting in the north, but was finally driven across the frontier. Maximilian issued a decree declaring that, as the president's flight took away the last shadow of legal justification from his opponents, all who carried arms against him would be treated as bandits and shot; and many leading republicans fell victims to this order. This severity and his evident favoritism towards French immigrants, at the expense of Mexicans and Spaniards, gradually raised a tide of opposition against Maximilian. The United States, now relieved from the tremendous

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burden of the Civil War, began to assert the principles of the Monroe Doctrine at Paris, and troops were massed along the Rio Grande. In March, 1867, the last of the French troops left Mexico, in obedience to the demands of this country; and Maximilian was compelled to stand alone. Meanwhile, the republicans had been steadily gaining ground, and we find Diaz once more fighting at Puebla, in March and April, 1867. On April 2d, he carried Puebla by storm.

He then pressed forward to the capital, following close on the heels of his opponent Marquez, and finally captured the City of Mexico on June 20th, 1867. To his lasting honor it is recorded that he absolutely refused to shell the city, and thus preserved and safeguarded its matchless treasure of palaces and cathedrals. When Mexico finally came into his hands, he learned that Maximilian had already been tried, condemned and executed.

It would be pleasant to record that the triumphal return of Benito Juarez to the capital of Mexico, a few weeks later, was the beginning of a period of peace and reunion, all the strong men in the country combining to secure national prosperity and development. But, in reality, an internecine strife was shortly begun, to last for ten full years, at the end of which General Porfirio Diaz was, what he has been ever since, unquestioned master of Mexico.

At the beginning of this ten years' struggle came a presidential election in which General Diaz came forward as candidate against his old friend, protector and ally, Benito Juarez. It has repeatedly been asserted that the majority of the votes were cast for Diaz; but the authorities proclaimed a victory for Juarez. Diaz accepted this declaration, and a period of comparative quiet began, broken only by a new attempt at usurpation by the often exiled Santa Ana. The next presidential election was held in 1871, and General Diaz again opposed his old friend and ally, standing for progress and reform as against the reactionary policy into which Juarez had gradually drifted. Juarez was again declared elected, and this was the signal for the appearance of a number of revolutionary movements, with General Diaz at their head. For a full year the contest was carried on by guerilla warfare; and the fight went on with varying fortunes but unbroken vigor until the sudden death of Juarez in July, 1872.

The presidency reverted to Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada,

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then President of the Supreme Court. In October, the position of Lerdo was confirmed by a regular election. Then began another short period of comparative calm and tranquillity,—only to be followed by new revolutionary activity early in 1876, when Porfirio Diaz appeared once more at the head of the insurgents. Fighting continued all through the summer and autumn, when a general election took place, at which Don Sebastian once more secured a majority of the votes. But this new lease of power was speedily ended by his forced resignation. On November 24th, 1876, General Porfirio Diaz entered the capital, and declared himself provisional president. He still had several months of hard fighting to face before Congress declared him Constitutional President in May, 1877. With the exception of the interregnum of 1880--1884, when his intimate friend and ally held the fort for him as president,—a second term for General Diaz being at that time illegal—he has ruled and almost reigned over the vast territories of Mexico ever since.

We have thus traced in outline the first forty-seven years of Porfirio Diaz's life, showing the knocking of opportunity at his door at stage after stage of his career, and the valor and vigor with which he ever bade opportunity enter. Nearly thirty of these forty-seven years were years of almost incessant fighting, in which Porfirio Diaz contended not as a kid-gloved officer giving directions from the safety of a staff headquarters, but as the organizer, inspirer, personal leader and most valiant and intrepid contestant, among bands which he himself had gathered and equipped, again and again turning raw levies of Indians and half-castes into seasoned and triumphant veterans. At almost every point of the struggle, he was fighting a battle which, to a man of less courage and determination, might have seemed hopeless, and at no time was the field sufficiently prepared for him to organize a regular campaign, with due equipment and provisions, according to the methods of warfare in older lands. Most of his fighting was done amongst the wild mountains and trackless forests of a vast and sparsely populated country, and only one who combined the Indian's woodcraft and instinct for the chase, with the chivalrous tradition of heroic Spain, could have persisted in so difficult a struggle and carried it to so triumphant a termination. During these years of wandering, Diaz was many times an exile, in prisons often, in solitary flight or daring and adventurous

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escape times unnumbered; twice he saw the capital of his native land captured and invested by hostile armies, who dictated terms to the vanquished. In early manhood, he saw his country deprived of half her territory, but he has lived long enough and worked wisely enough to see the half that remains grown to a far greater value than the whole had at the beginning.

By martial prowess alone, Porfirio Diaz thus made himself master of a territory of three-quarters of a million square miles, equal in area to all Central Europe; defeating and expelling a foreign invasion, and overcoming the host of rivals who aimed at the same high reward. But if Diaz had done nothing more than this, it is doubtful whether history would remember him. His lasting renown is due to the victories of peace that belonged to the five-and-twenty following years, during which, on the firm foundation of national security, he has built up, first, prosperity and then a wide and swiftly growing national culture.

We shall try to sum up briefly the steps by which this great result was reached, and the methods which Porfirio Diaz used to gain it. A chief index of security is increased population. When Porfirio Diaz came to power, Mexico had hardly nine million inhabitants; the present total is between thirteen and fourteen millions. The metropolitan Federal District numbered some three hundred thousand souls; that total has been almost exactly doubled in twenty-five years.

It is difficult to set a precise figure for the foreign commerce of Mexico during the years of storm and stress which we have chronicled; but in 1882, five years after Porfirio Diaz finally took the helm of state, the amount of exports and imports alike is set at about $30,000,000. By the year 1900-1901, the purchasing power of the country was so enhanced, and its demand for finer goods had so increased, that the imports had mounted to $65,000,000. But a far more remarkable story is told by the exports, which, in 1900-1901, amounted to nearly $150,000,000: just five times their value only eighteen years before. By analyzing this total, we can gain considerable insight into the newly developed sources of Mexican wealth. The great backbone of the country, the western Sierra Madre, had for centuries been a prolific storehouse of gold and silver. This continues true to the present day, the precious metals and minerals making up nearly two-thirds of the total exports we have recorded. Next come vegetable prod-

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ucts, including wheat, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cacao, logwood, hemp, rice and maize. Then animal products follow, while manufactured goods hardly amount to $2,000,000 in value.

Nowhere does the constructive policy of President Diaz show to better advantage than in the fostering of Mexican railway enterprise. During practically the whole of the period of stormy warfare we have described, the means of communication in the country hardly amounted to more than a network of wretched bridle-paths from the central upland over the mountain-passes to the plains, leading to a few of the harbors on both seas. Then came the direct line from Vera Cruz to the capital, with a branch to Puebla. This was followed by the Inter-oceanic Line across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the Great Central Trunk Line running northward through Chihuahua to join the railways of the United States. Five years after the first inauguration of President Diaz, there were just over two thousand miles of railroad in operation in Mexico. To-day there are more than ten thousand miles of railroad, and large accessions will be made year by year. Not less marked, and not less striking as an index of general culture and civilization is the rapid growth of postal accommodation. In 1880, there were about 800 post-offices, which forwarded 4,000,000 letters; in 1901, the post-offices had grown to more than 2,000, while the letters had increased to 150,000,000. Meanwhile, more than forty thousand miles of telegraph lines had been added, of which three-quarters belong to the federal government. In the same class of improvements we may record the telephones, electric lighting, tramways, water-supply and drainage works, which have thoroughly modernized the larger Mexican cities.

One more achievement of the great Mexican President is especially worthy of notice: his work for the instruction of his nation. Few educators have wrought with such devotion, with such complete success, as Porfirio Diaz; and it is doubtful if any other educator has conceived and carried out the plan of giving a whole nation a second language, as President Diaz has bestowed on Mexico free tuition in the language of the great and powerful republic beyond his northern frontier. There are now twelve thousand free schools in Mexico, on whose books eight hundred thousand children are enrolled. If time and space permitted, it would be very instructive to say something of Señor José Ives Limantour, the upright and skilful minister of finance, who has

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so long and so ably seconded all the constructive schemes of President Diaz, and has watched with argus-like care over the growing resources of his country, ever considering the ways and means which were to secure the prosecution of the President's plans. Perhaps the best index of his effective power may be found in the fact that, while so many Latin republics in the New World have been treading the devious ways of increasing debt and national bankruptcy, Mexico has had a considerable yearly surplus for the last five or six years. The revenue for 1900-1901 was $63,000,000, with an expenditure of $59,000,000. During recent years, the revenues have been derived in about equal proportion from customs and internal taxation; while of the expenditure, nearly half has gone to the extinguishing of the nation's foreign indebtedness, and this with a country which, while receiving silver, has had to pay in gold.

We may, therefore, sum up the life-work of Porfirio Diaz. Reaching national security after nearly thirty years of incessant fighting, in which he showed every admirable quality of both warrior and leader, and where his moderation in victory was not less admirable than his valor and perseverance in war, President Diaz then opened a new page of his genius, dominating his country as a matchless administrator; through twenty-five years, during which he wielded practically sovereign power, he has built up the wealth and well-being of Mexico in a way unrivalled in the life of nations, giving new life alike to commerce, enterprise, education and all the means and methods of civilized life. At the end of this long period of richly productive labor, far from seeking for himself despotic power, he boasts, and justly boasts, that he has given to Mexico all the instruments and safeguards of freedom: free education, free ballot, free press and an honest and progressive government. His country is a federation of twenty-eight States and two territories, each State with complete local self-government, and sending Congressional representatives and two Senators to the Federal Assembly—a system practically identical with our own. Great men have too often been only great destroyers; but we are gaining a truer insight, and reserving our praise and admiration for those who have builded greatly; and amongst these Porfirio Diaz is assured of high and lasting renown.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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MR. HENRY JAMES'S LATER WORK.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

It has been Mr. James's lot from the beginning to be matter of unusually lively dispute among his readers. There are people who frankly say they cannot bear him, and then either honestly let him alone, or secretly hanker for him, and every now and then return to him, and try if they cannot like him, or cannot bear him a little better. These are his enemies, or may be called so for convenience' sake; but they are hardly to be considered his readers. Many of his readers, however, are also his enemies: they read him in a condition of hot insurrection against all that he says and is; they fiercely question his point of view, they object to the world that he sees from it; they declare that there is no such world, or that, if there is, there ought not to be, and that he does not paint it truly. They would like to have the question out with him personally: such is their difference of opinion that, to hear them talk, you would think they would like to have it out with him pugilistically. They would, to every appearance, like to beat also those who accept his point of view, believe in his world, and hold that he truly portrays it. Nothing but the prevailing sex of his enemies saves them, probably, from offering the readers who are not his enemies the violence to which their prevailing sex tempts them. You cannot, at least, palliate his demerits with them without becoming of the quality of his demerits, and identifying yourself with him in the whole measure of these. That is why, for one reason, I am going to make my consideration of his later work almost entirely a study of his merits, for I own that he has his faults, and I would rather they remained his faults than became mine.

I.

The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is mostly feminine because the men who do not like him are not his readers.

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The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope. I should like to distinguish a little farther, and say that they are the sort of men whose opinions women peculiarly respect, and in whom they are interested quite as much as they are vexed to find them differing so absolutely from themselves.

The feminine enmity to Mr. James is of as old a date as his discovery of the Daisy Miller type of American girl, which gave continental offence among her sisters. It would be hard to say why that type gave such continental offence, unless it was because it was held not honestly to have set down the traits which no one could but most potently and powerfully allow to be true. The strange thing was that these traits were the charming and honorable distinctions of American girlhood as it convinced Europe, in the early eighteen-seventies, of a civilization so spiritual that its innocent daughters could be not only without the knowledge but without the fear of evil. I am not going back, however, to that early feminine grievance, except to note that it seems to have been the first tangible grievance, though it was not the first grievance. I, with my gray hairs, can remember still earlier work of his whose repugnant fascination was such that women readers clung to it with the wild rejection which has in a measure followed all his work at their hands.

It has been the curious fortune of this novelist, so supremely gifted in divining women and portraying them, that beyond any other great novelist (or little, for that matter) he has imagined few heroines acceptable to women. Even those martyr-women who have stood by him in the long course of his transgressions, and maintained through thick and thin, that he is by all odds the novelist whom they could best trust with the cause of woman in fiction, have liked his anti-heroines more,—I mean, found them realer,—than his heroines. I am not sure but I have liked them more myself, but that is because I always find larger play for my sympathies in the character which needs the reader's help than in that which is so perfect as to get on without it. If it were urged that women do not care for his heroines because there are none of them to care for, I should not blame them, still less should I blame him for giving them that ground for abhorrence. I find

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myself diffident of heroines in fiction because I have never known one in life, of the real faultless kind; and heaven forbid I should ever yet know one. In Mr. James's novels I always feel safe from that sort, and it may be for this reason, among others, that I like to read his novels when they are new, and read them over and over again when they are old, or when they are no longer recent.

II.

At this point I hear from far within a voice bringing me to book about Milly Theale in *The Wings of a Dove,* asking me, if *there* is not a heroine of the ideal make, and demanding what fault there is in her that renders her lovable. Lovable, I allow she is, dearly, tenderly, reverently lovable, but she has enough to make her so, besides being too good, too pure, too generous, too magnificently unselfish. It is not imaginable that her author should have been conscious of offering in her anything like an atonement to the offended divinity of American womanhood for Daisy Miller. But if it were imaginable the offended divinity ought to be sumptuously appeased, appeased to tears of grateful pardon such as I have not yet seen in its eyes. Milly Theale is as entirely American in the qualities which you can and cannot touch as Daisy Miller herself; and (I find myself urged to the risk of noting it) she is largely American in the same things. There is the same self-regardlessness, the same beauteous insubordination, the same mortal solution of the problem. Of course, it is all in another region, and the social levels are immensely parted. Yet Milly Theale is the superior of Daisy Miller less in her nature than in her conditions.

There is, in both, the same sublime unconsciousness of the material environment, the same sovereign indifference to the fiscal means of their emancipation to a more than masculine independence. The sense of what money can do for an American girl without her knowing it, is a "blind sense" in the character of Daisy, but in the character of Milly it has its eyes wide open. In that wonderful way of Mr. James's by which he imparts a fact without stating it, approaching it again and again, without actually coming in contact with it, we are made aware of the vast background of wealth from which Milly is projected upon our acquaintance. She is shown in a kind of breathless impatience with it, except as it is the stuff of doing wilfully magnifi-

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cent things, and committing colossal expenses without more anxiety than a prince might feel with the revenues of a kingdom behind him. The ideal American rich girl has never really been done before, and it is safe to say that she will never again be done with such exquisite appreciation. She is not of the new rich; an extinct New York ancestry darkles in the retrospect: something vaguely bourgeois, and yet with presences and with lineaments of aristocratic distinction. They have made her masses of money for her, those intangible fathers, uncles and grandfathers, and then, with her brothers and sisters, have all perished away from her, and left her alone in the world with nothing else. She is as convincingly imagined in her relation to them, as the daughter of an old New York family, as she is in her inherited riches. It is not the old New York family of the unfounded Knickerbocker tradition, but something as fully patrician, with a nimbus of social importance as unquestioned as its money. Milly is not so much the flower of this local root as something finer yet: the perfume of it, the distilled and wandering fragrance It would be hard to say in what her New Yorkishness lies, and Mr. James himself by no means says; only if you know New York at all, you have the unmistakable sense of it. She is New Yorkish in the very essences that are least associable with the superficial notion of New York: the intellectual refinement that comes of being born and bred in conditions of illimitable ease, of having had everything that one could wish to have, and the cultivation that seems to come of the mere ability to command it. If one will have an illustration of the final effect in Milly Theale, it may be that it can be suggested as a sort of a Bostonian quality, with the element of *conscious* worth eliminated, and purified as essentially of pedantry as of commerciality. The wonder is that Mr. James in his prolonged expatriation has been able to seize this lovely impalpability, and to impart the sense of it; and perhaps the true reading of the riddle is that such a nature, such a character is most appreciable in that relief from the background which Europe gives all American character.

III.

"But that is just what does not happen in the case of Mr. James's people. They are merged in the background so that you never can get behind them, and fairly feel and see them all round.

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Europe *doesn't* detach them; *nothing* does. 'There they are,' as he keeps making his people say in all his late books, when they are not calling one another dear lady, and dear man, and prodigious and magnificent, and of a vagueness or a richness, or a sympathy, or an opacity. No, he is of a tremendosity, but he worries me to death; he kills me; he really gives me a headache. He fascinates me, but I have no patience with him."

"But, dear lady," for it was a weary woman who had interrupted the flow of my censure in these unmeasured terms, and whom her interlocutor—another of Mr. James's insistent words—began trying to flatter to her disadvantage, "a person of your insight must see that this is the conditional vice of all painting, its vital fiction. You cannot get behind the figures in any picture. They are always merged in their background. And there you are!"

"Yes, I know I am. But that is just where I don't want to be. I want figures that I *can* get behind."

"Then you must go to some other shop—you must go to the shop of a sculptor."

"Well, why isn't *he* a sculptor?"

"Because he is a painter."

"Oh, that's no reason. He ought to be a sculptor."

"Then he couldn't give you the color, the light and shade, the delicate *nuances,* the joy of the intimated fact, all that you delight in him for. What was that you were saying the other day? That he was like Monticelli in some of his pastorals or picnics: a turmoil of presences which you could make anything, everything, nothing of as you happened to feel; something going on that you had glimpses of, or were allowed to guess at, but which you were rapturously dissatisfied with, any way."

"Did I say that?" my interlocutress—terrible word!—demanded. "It was very good."

"It was wonderfully good. I should not have named Monticelli, exactly, because though he is of a vagueness that is painty, he is too much of a denseness. Mr. James does not trowel the colors on."

"I see what you mean. Whom should you have named?"

"I don't know. Monticelli will do in one way. He gives you a sense of people, of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening, and that is what Mr. James does."

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"Yes, he certainly does," and she sighed richly, as if she had been one of his people herself. "He does give you a sense."

"He gives you a sense of a tremendous lot going on, for instance, in *The Wings of a Dove,* of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening. It is a great book."

"It is, it is," she sighed again. "It wore me to a thread."

"And the people were as unmistakable as they were undeniable: not Milly, alone, not Mrs. Stringham, as wonderfully of New England as Milly of New York; but all that terribly frank, terribly selfish, terribly shameless, terribly hard English gang."

"Ah, Densher wasn't really hard or really shameless, though he was willing—to please that unspeakable Kate Croy—to make love to Milly and marry her money so that when she died, they could live happy ever after—or at least comfortably. And you cannot say that Kate was frank. And Lord Mark really admired Milly. Or, anyway, he wanted to marry her. Do you think Kate took the money from Densher at last and married Lord Mark?"

"Why should you care?"

"Oh, one oughtn't to care, of course, in reading Mr. James. But with any one else, you would like to know who married who. It is all too wretched. Why should he want to picture such life?"

"Perhaps because it exists."

"Oh, do you think the English are really so bad? I'm glad he made such a beautiful character as Milly, American."

"My notion is that he didn't 'make' any of the characters."

"Of course not. And I suppose some people in England are actually like that. We have not got so far here, yet. To be sure, society is not so all-important here, yet. If it ever is, I suppose we shall pay the price. But *do* you think he ought to picture such life because it exists?"

"Do you find yourself much the worse for *The Wings of a Dove?*" I asked. "Or for *The Sacred Fount?* Or for *The Awkward Age?* Or even for *What Maisie Knew?* They all picture much the same sort of life."

"Why, of course not. But it isn't so much what he says—he never *says* anything—but what he insinuates. I don't believe that is good for young girls."

"But if they don't know what it means? I'll allow that it isn't quite *jeune fille* in its implications, all of them; but maturity has its modest claims. Even its immodest claims are not wholly

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ungrounded in the interest of a knowledge of our mother-civilization, which is what Mr. James's insinuations impart, as I understand them."

"Well, young people cannot read him aloud together. You can't deny that."

"No, but elderly people can, and they are not to be ignored by the novelist, always. I fancy the reader who brings some knowledge of good and evil, without being the worse for it, to his work is the sort of reader Mr. James writes for. I can imagine him addressing himself to a circle of such readers as this REVIEW'S with a satisfaction, and a sense of liberation, which he might not feel in the following of the family magazines, and still not incriminate himself. I have heard a good deal said in reproach of the sort of life he portrays, in his later books; but I have not found his people of darker deeds or murkier motives than the average in fiction. I don't say, life."

"No, certainly, so far as he tells you. It is what he *doesn't* tell that is so frightful. He leaves you to such awful conjectures. For instance, when Kate Croy—"

"When Kate Croy—?"

"No. I *won't* discuss it. But you know what I mean; and I don't believe there ever was such a girl."

"And you believe there was ever such a girl as Milly Theale?"

"Hundreds! She is true to the life. So perfectly American. My husband and I read the story aloud together, and I wanted to weep. We had such a strange experience with that book. We read it half through together; then we got impatient, and tried to finish it alone. But we could not make anything of it apart; and we had to finish it together. We could not bear to lose a word; every word—and there were a good many!—seemed to tell. If you took one away you seemed to miss something important. It almost destroyed me, thinking it all out. I went round days, with my hand to my forehead; and I don't believe I understand it perfectly yet. Do you?"

IV.

I pretended that I did, but I do not mind being honester with the reader than I was with my interlocutress. I have a theory that it is not well to penetrate every recess of an author's meaning. It robs him of the charm of mystery, and the somewhat

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labyrinthine construction of Mr. James's later sentences lends itself to the practice of the self-denial necessary to the preservation of this charm. What I feel sure of is that he has a meaning in it all, and that by and by, perhaps when I least expect it, I shall surprise his meaning. In the meanwhile I rest content with what I do know. In spite of all the Browning Clubs—even the club which has put up a monument to the poet's butler-ancestor—all of Browning is not clear, but enough of Browning is clear for any real lover of his poetry.

I was sorry I had not thought of this in time to say it to my interlocutress; and I was sorry I had not amplified what I did say of his giving you a sense of things, so as to make it apply to places as well as persons. Never, in my ignorance, have I had a vivider sense of London, in my knowledge a stronger sense of Venice, than in *The Wings of a Dove*. More miraculous still, as I have tried to express, was the sense he gave me of the anterior New York where the life flowered which breathed out the odor called Milly Theale—a heartbreaking fragrance as of funeral violets—and of the anterior New England sub-acidly fruiting in Mrs. Stringham. As for social conditions, predicaments, orders of things, where shall we find the like of the wonders wrought in *The Awkward Age?* I have been trying to get phrases which should convey the effect of that psychomancy from me to my reader, and I find none so apt as some phrase that should suggest the convincingly incredible. Here is something that the reason can as little refuse as it can accept. Into quite such particles as the various characters of this story would the disintegration of the old, rich, demoralized society of an ancient capital fall so probably that each of the kaleidoscopic fragments, dropping into irrelevant radiance around Mrs. Brookenham, would have its fatally appointed tone in the "scheme of color." Here is that inevitable, which Mr. Brander Matthews has noted as the right and infallible token of the real. It does not matter, after that, how the people talk,—or in what labyrinthine parentheses they let their unarriving language wander. They strongly and vividly exist, and they construct not a drama, perhaps, but a world, floating indeed in an obscure where it seems to have its solitary orbit, but to be as solidly palpable as any of the planets of the more familiar systems, and wrapt in the aura of its peculiar corruption. How bad the bad people on it may be, one does not

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know, and is not intended to know, perhaps; that would be like being told the gross facts of some scandal which, so long as it was untouched, supported itself not unamusingly in air; but of the goodness of the good people one is not left in doubt; and it is a goodness which consoles and sustains the virtue apt to droop in the presence of neighborly remissness.

I might easily attribute to the goodness a higher office than this; but if I did I might be trenching upon that ethical delicacy of the author which seems to claim so little for itself. Mr. James is, above any other, the master of the difficult art of never doing more than to "hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," and I am not going to try committing him to conclusions he would shrink from. There is nothing of the clumsiness of the "satirist" in his design, and if he notes the absolute commerciality of the modern London world, it is with a reserve clothing itself in frankness which is infinitely, as he would say, "detached." But somehow, he lets you know how horribly *business* fashionable English life is; he lets Lord Mark let Milly Theale know, at their first meeting, when he tells her she is with people who never do anything for nothing, and when, with all her money, and perhaps because of it, she is still so trammelled in the ideal that she cannot take his meaning. Money, and money bluntly; gate-money of all kinds; money the means, is the tune to which that old world turns in a way which we scarcely imagine in this crude new world where it is still so largely less the means than the end.

But the general is lost in the personal, as it should be in Mr. James's books, earlier as well as later, and the allegory is so faint that it cannot always be traced. He does not say that the limitless liberty allowed Nanda Brookenham by her mother in *The Awkward Age* is better than the silken bondage in which the Duchess keeps her niece Aggie, though Nanda is admirably lovable, and little Aggie is a little cat; that is no more his affair than to insist upon the loyalty of old Mr. Longdon to an early love, or the generosity of Mitchett, as contrasted with the rapacity of Mrs. Brookenham, who, after all, wants nothing more than the means of being what she has always been. What he does is simply to show you those people mainly on the outside, as you mainly see people in the world, and to let you divine them and their ends from what they do and say. They are presented with in-

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finite pains; as far as their appearance (though they are very little described) goes, you are not suffered to make a mistake. But he does not analyze them for you; rather he synthetizes them, and carefully hands them over to you in a sort of integrity very uncommon in the characters of fiction. One might infer from this that his method was dramatic, something like Tourguénieff's, say; but I do not know that his method is dramatic. I do not recall from the book more than one passage of dramatic intensity, but that was for me of very great intensity; I mean the passage where old Mr. Longdon lets Vanderbank understand that he will provide for him if he will offer himself to Nanda, whom he knows to be in love with Vanderbank, and where Vanderbank will not promise. That is a great moment, where everything is most openly said, most brutally said, to American thinking; and yet said with a restraint of feeling that somehow redeems it all.

Nothing could well be more perfected than the method of the three books which I have been supposing myself to be talking about, however far any one may think it from perfect. They express mastery, finality, doing what one means, in a measure not easily to be matched. I will leave out of the question the question of obscurity; I will let those debate that whom it interests more than it interests me. For my own part I take it that a master of Mr. James's quality does not set out with a design whose significance is not clear to himself, and if others do not make it clear to themselves, I suspect them rather than him of the fault. All the same I allow that it is sometimes not easy to make out; I allow that sometimes *I* do not make it out, I, who delight to read him almost more than any other living author, but then I leave myself in his hands. I do not believe he is going finally to play me the shabby trick of abandoning me in the dark; and meanwhile he perpetually interests me. If anything, he interests me too much, and I come away fatigued, because I cannot bear to lose the least pulse of the play of character; whereas from most fiction I lapse into long delicious absences of mind, now and then comfortably recovering myself to find out what is going on, and then sinking below the surface again.

The Awkward Age is mostly expressed in dialogue; *The Wings of a Dove* is mostly in the narration and the synthesis of emotions. Not the synthesis of the motives, please; these in both books are left to the reader, almost as much as they are in *The Sacred*

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Fount. That troubled source, I will own, "is of a profundity," and in its depths darkles the solution which the author makes it no part of his business to pull to the top; if the reader wants it, let him dive. But why should not a novel be written so like to life, in which most of the events remain the meaningless, that we shall never quite know what the author meant? Why, in fact, should not people come and go, and love and hate, and hurt and help one another as they do in reality, without rendering the reader a reason for their behavior, or offering an explanation at the end with which he can light himself back over the way he has come, and see what they meant? Who knows what any one means here below, or what he means himself, that is, precisely stands for? Most people mean nothing, except from moment to moment, if they indeed mean anything so long as that, and life which is full of propensities is almost without motives. In the scribbles which we suppose to be imitations of life, we hold the unhappy author to a logical consistency which we find so rarely in the original; but ought not we rather to praise him where his work confesses itself, as life confesses itself, without a plan? Why should we demand more of the imitator than we get from the creator?

Of course, it can be answered that we are *in* creation like characters in fiction, while we are outside of the imitation and spectators instead of characters; but that does not wholly cover the point. Perhaps, however, I am asking more for Mr. James than he would have me. In that case I am willing to offer him the reparation of a little detraction. I wish he would leave his people more, not less, to me when I read him. I have tried following their speeches without taking in his comment, delightfully pictorial as that always is, and it seems to me that I make rather more of their meaning, that way. I reserve the pleasure and privilege of going back and reading his comment in the light of my conclusions. This is the method I have largely pursued with the people of *The Sacred Fount,* of which I do not hesitate to say that I have mastered the secret, though, for the present I am not going to divulge it. Those who cannot wait may try the key which I have given.

But do not, I should urge them, expect too much of it; I do not promise it will unlock everything. If you find yourself, at the end, with nothing in your hand but the postulate with which

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the supposed narrator fantastically started, namely, that people may involuntarily and unconsciously prey upon one another, and mentally and psychically enrich themselves at one another's expense, still you may console yourself, if you do not think this enough, with the fact that you have passed the time in the company of men and women freshly and truly seen, amusingly shown, and abidingly left with your imagination. For me, I am so little exacting, that this is enough.

The Sacred Fount is a most interesting book, and you are teased through it to the end with delightful skill, but I am not going to say that it is a great book like *The Awkward Age,* or *The Wings of a Dove.* These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses. I will not so abandon my function as to say that I could not tell him how to do them better, but it sufficiently interests me to see how he gets on without my help. After all, the critic has to leave authors somewhat to themselves; he cannot always be writing their books for them; and when I find an author, like Mr. James, who makes me acquainted with people who instantly pique my curiosity by "something rich and strange," in an environment which is admirably imaginable, I gratefully make myself at home with them, and stay as long as he will let me.

V.

"But,"—here is that interlocutress whom I flattered myself I had silenced, at me again,—"do you like to keep puzzling things out, so? I don't. Of course, the books *are* intensely fascinating, but I do not like to keep guessing conundrums. Why shouldn't we have studies of life that are not a series of conundrums?"

"Dear lady," I make my answer, "what was I saying just now but that life itself is a series of conundrums, to which the answers are lost in the past, or are to be supplied us, after a long and purifying discipline of guessing, in the future? I do not admit your position, but if I did, still I should read the author who keeps you guessing, with a pleasure, an edification, in the suggestive, the instructive way he has of asking his conundrums beyond that I take in any of the authors who do not tax my

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curiosity, who shove their answers at me before I have had a chance to try whether I cannot guess them. Here you have the work of a great psychologist, who has the imagination of a poet, the wit of a keen humorist, the conscience of an impeccable moralist, the temperament of a philosopher, and the wisdom of a rarely experienced witness of the world; and yet you come back at me with the fact, or rather the pretence, that you do not like to keep puzzling his things out. It is my high opinion of you that you precisely do like to keep puzzling his things out; that you are pleased with the sort of personal appeal made to you by the difficulties you pretend to resent, and that you enjoy the just sense of superiority which your continual or final divinations give you. Mr. James is one of those authors who pay the finest tribute an author can pay the intelligence of his reader by trusting it, fully and frankly. There you are; and if you were not puzzling out those recondite conundrums which you complain of, what better things, in the perusal of the whole range of contemporary fiction, could you be doing? For my part I can think for you of none. There is no book like *The Awkward Age,* as I said, for it is sole of its kind, and no book that at all equals it, since Mr. Hardy's *Jude,* for the intensity of its naturalness. I don't name them to compare them; again I renounce all comparisons for Mr. James's work; but I will say that in the deeply penetrating anguish of *Jude,* I felt nothing profounder than the pathos which aches and pierces through those closing scenes of *The Awkward Age,* in Nanda's last talk with Vanderbank, whom she must and does leave for her mother's amusement, and her yet later talk with old Mr. Longdon, to whom she must and does own her love for Vanderbank so heartbreaking. What beautiful and gentle souls the new-fashioned young girl and the old-fashioned old man are, and how beautifully and gently they are revealed to us by the perfected art of the book in which they continue to live after we part with them! How—"

"Ah, there," my interlocutress broke in, as if fearful of not having the last word, "I certainly agree with you. I wish you were as candid about everything else."

W. D. HOWELLS.

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THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART I.

I.

STRETHER'S first question, when he reached the hotel, was about his friend; yet on his learning that Waymarsh was apparently not to arrive till evening he was not wholly disconcerted. A telegram from him bespeaking a room "only if not noisy," with the answer paid, was produced for the inquirer at the office, so that the understanding that they should meet at Chester rather than at Liverpool remained to that extent sound. The same secret principle, however, that had prompted Strether not absolutely to desire Waymarsh's presence at the dock, that had led him thus to postpone for a few hours his enjoyment of it, now operated to make him feel that he could still wait without disappointment. They would dine together at the worst, and, with all respect to dear old Waymarsh—if not even, for that matter, to himself—there was little fear that in the sequel they should not see enough of each other. The principle I have just mentioned as operating had been, with the most newly-disembarked of the two men, wholly instinctive—the fruit of a sharp sense that, delightful as it would be to find himself looking, after so much separation, into his comrade's face, his business would be a trifle bungled should he simply arrange that this countenance should present itself to the nearing steamer as the first "note," for him, of Europe. Mixed with everything was the apprehension, already, on Strether's part, that it would, at best, throughout, prove the note of Europe in quite a sufficient degree.

This note had been meanwhile — since the previous afternoon, thanks to this happier device—such a consciousness of personal freedom as he had not known for years; such a deep taste of change and of having, above all, for the moment, nobody and nothing to consider, as promised already, if headlong hope were not too foolish, to color his adventure with cool success. There were people on the ship with whom he had easily—so far as ease could, up to now, be imputed to him—consorted, and who for the most part plunged straight into the current that set, from the landing-stage,

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to London; there were others who had invited him to a tryst at the inn and had even invoked his aid for a "look round" at the beauties of Liverpool; but he had stolen away from every one alike; had kept no appointment and renewed no acquaintance; had been indifferently aware of the number of persons who esteemed themselves fortunate in being, unlike himself, "met"; and had even, independently, unsociably, alone, without encounter or relapse and by mere quiet evasion, given his afternoon and evening to the immediate and the sensible. They formed a qualified draught of Europe, an afternoon and an evening on the banks of the Mersey, but such as it was he took his potion at least undiluted. He winced a little, truly, at the thought that Waymarsh might be already at Chester; he reflected that, should he have to describe himself at Chester as having "got in" so early, it would be difficult to make the interval look particularly eager; but he was like a man who, finding in his pocket, with joy, more money than usual, handles it a while and idly, pleasantly chinks it before addressing himself to the business of spending. That he was prepared to be vague to Waymarsh about the hour of the ship's touching, and that he both wanted extremely to see him and enjoyed extremely the duration of delay—these things, it is to be conceived, were early signs in him that his relation to his actual errand might prove none of the simplest. He was burdened, poor Strether—it had better be confessed at the outset—with the oddity of a double consciousness. There was detachment in his zeal and curiosity in his indifference.

After the young woman in the glass cage had held up to him, across her counter, the pale pink leaflet bearing his friend's name, which she pronounced, he turned away to find himself, in the hall, facing a lady who met his eyes as with an intention suddenly determined, and whose features—not freshly young, not markedly fine, but expressive and agreeable—came back to him as from a recent vision. For a moment they stood confronted; then the moment placed her: he had noticed her, the day before, at his previous inn, where—again in the hall—she had been briefly engaged with some people of his own ship's company. Nothing had actually passed between them, and he would as little have been able to say what had been the sign of her face for him on the first occasion as to name the ground of his present recognition. Recognition, at any rate, appeared to prevail on her own side as well—which would only have added to the mystery. All she now began by saying to him, none the less, was that, having chanced to catch his inquiry, she was moved to ask, by his leave, if it were possibly a question of Mr. Waymarsh of Milrose, Connecticut, Mr. Waymarsh the American lawyer.

"Oh yes," he replied, "my very well-known friend. He's to meet me here, coming up from Malvern, and I supposed he would already have arrived. But he doesn't come till later, and I'm relieved not to have kept him. Do you know him?" Strether wound up.

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It was not till after he had spoken that he became aware of how much there had been in him of response; when the tone of her own rejoinder, as well as the play of something more in her face—something more, that is, than its apparently usual restless light—seemed to notify him. "I've met him at Milrose—where I used sometimes, a good while ago, to stay; I had friends there who were friends of his, and I've been at his house. I won't answer for it that he would know me," Strether's interlocutress pursued; "but I should be delighted to see him. Perhaps," she added, "I shall—for I'm staying over." She paused an instant, while our friend took in these things, and it was as if a good deal of talk had already passed. They even vaguely smiled at it, and Strether presently observed that Mr. Waymarsh would, no doubt, be easily to be seen. This, however, appeared to affect the lady as if she might have advanced too far. She was frank about everything. "Oh," she said, "he won't care!"—and she immediately thereupon remarked that she believed Strether knew the Munsters; the Munsters being the people he had seen her with at Liverpool.

But he didn't, as it happened, know the Munsters well enough to give the case much of a lift; so that they were left together as if over the mere laid table of conversation. Her qualification of the mentioned connection had rather removed than placed a dish, and there seemed nothing else to serve. Their attitude remained, none the less, that of not forsaking the board; and the effect of this, in turn, was to give them the appearance of having accepted each other with an absence of preliminaries practically complete. They moved along the hall together, and Strether's companion remarked that the hotel had the advantage of a garden. He was aware by this time of his strange inconsequence: he had shirked the intimacies of the steamer and had muffled the shock of Waymarsh only to find himself forsaken, in this sudden case, both of avoidance and of caution. He passed with his new friend, before he had so much as gone up to his room, into the garden of the hotel, and at the end of ten minutes had agreed to meet her there again as soon as he should have made himself tidy. He wanted to look at the town, and they would forthwith look together. It was almost as if she had been in possession and received him as a guest. Her acquaintance with the place presented her in a manner as a hostess, and Strether had a rueful glance for the lady in the glass cage. It was as if this personage had seen herself instantly superseded.

When, in a quarter of an hour, he came down, what his hostess saw, what she might have taken in with a vision kindly adjusted, was the lean, slightly loose figure of a man of the middle height and something more, perhaps, than the middle age—a man of five-and-fifty, whose most immediate signs were a marked bloodless brownness of face, a thick, dark mustache, of characteristically American cut, growing strong and falling low, a head of hair still abundant,

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but abundantly streaked with gray, and a nose of bold, free prominence, the even line, the high finish, as it might have been called, of which, had a certain effect of mitigation. A perpetual pair of glasses astride of this fine ridge, and a line, unusually deep and drawn, the prolonged pen-stroke of time, accompanying the curve of the mustache from nostril to chin, did something to complete the facial furniture which an attentive observer would have seen to be catalogued, on the spot, in the vision of the other party to Strether's appointment. She waited for him in the garden, the other party, drawing on a pair of singularly fresh, soft and elastic light gloves and presenting herself with a superficial readiness which, as he approached her over the small smooth lawn and in the watery English sunshine, he might, with his rougher preparation, have marked as the model for such an occasion. She had, this lady, a perfect plain propriety, an expensive subdued suitability, that her companion was not free to analyze, but that struck him, so that his consciousness of it was instantly acute, as a quality quite new to him. He stopped on the grass, before reaching her, and went through the form of feeling for something, possibly forgotten, in the light overcoat he carried on his arm; yet the essence of the act was no more than the impulse to gain time. Nothing could have been more odd than Strether's feeling, at that moment, that he was launched in something of which the sense would be quite disconnected from the sense of his past, and which was literally beginning there and then. It had begun, in fact, already, upstairs, before the dressing-glass that struck him as blocking further, so strangely, the dimness of the window of his dull bedroom; begun with a sharper survey of the elements of Appearance than he had for a long time been moved to make. He had felt during those moments that these elements were not so much to his hand as he should have liked, and then had fallen back on the thought that they were precisely a matter as to which help was supposed to come from what he was about to do. He was about to go up to London, and hat and necktie might wait. What had come as straight to him as a ball in a well-played game—and caught, moreover, not less neatly—was just the air, in the person of his friend, of having seen and chosen, the air of achieved possession of those vague qualities and quantities that figured to him, collectively, as the advantage snatched from lucky chances. Without pomp or circumstance, certainly, as her original address to him, equally with his own response, had been, he would have sketched to himself his impression of her as: "Well, she's more subtly civilized—!" If "More subtly than *whom?*" would not have been for him a sequel to this remark, that was just by reason of his deep consciousness of the bearing of his comparison.

The amusement, at all events, of a civilization more subtle was what—familiar compatriot as she was, with the full tone of the compatriot and the rattling link, not with mystery, but only with

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dear dyspeptic Waymarsh — she appeared distinctly to promise. His pause while he felt in his overcoat was positively the pause of confidence, and it enabled his eyes to make out as much of a case for her, in proportion, as her own made out for himself. She affected him as almost insolently young; but an easily-carried five-and-thirty could still do that. She was, however, like himself, marked and wan; only it naturally couldn't have been known to him how much a spectator looking from one to the other might have discerned that they had in common. It would not for such a spectator have been altogether insupposable that, each so finely brown and so sharply spare, each confessing so to dents of surface and aids to sight, to a disproportionate nose and a head delicately or grossly grizzled, they might have been brother and sister. On this ground, indeed, there would still have been a residuum of difference; such a sister having known, surely, in respect to such a brother the extremity of separation, and such a brother feeling now, in respect to such a sister, the extremity of surprise. Surprise, it was true, was not, on the other hand, what the eyes of Strether's friend most showed him while she gave him, stroking her gloves smoother, the time he appreciated. They had taken hold of him straightway, measuring him up and down, as if they knew how; as if he were human material they had already in some sort handled. Their possessor was in truth, it may be communicated, the mistress of a hundred cases or categories, receptacles of the mind, subdivisions for convenience, in which, from a full experience, she pigeon-holed her fellow-mortals with a hand as free as that of a compositor scattering type. She was as equipped in this particular as Strether was the reverse, and it made an opposition between them which he might well have shrunk from submitting to if he had fully suspected it. So far as he did suspect it he was, on the contrary, after a momentary shake of his consciousness, as pleasantly passive as might be. He really had a sort of sense of what she knew. He had quite the sense that she knew things he didn't, and though this was a concession that, in general, he found not easy to make to women, he made it now as good-humoredly as if it lifted a burden. His eyes were so quiet behind his eternal nippers that they might almost have been absent without changing his face, which took its expression mainly, and not least its stamp of sensibility, from other sources, surface and grain and form. He joined his guide in an instant, and he then felt that she had profited still better than he by his having been, for the moments just mentioned, so at the disposal of her intelligence. She knew even intimate things about him that he had not yet told her and perhaps never would. He was not unaware that he had told her rather remarkably many for the time, but these were not the real ones. Some of the real ones, however, precisely, were what she knew.

They were to pass again through the hall of the inn to get into

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the street, and it was here, presently, that she checked him with a question. "Have you looked up my name?"

He could only stop with a laugh. "Have you looked up mine?"

"Oh dear, yes—as soon as you left me. I went to the office and asked. Hadn't *you* better do the same?"

He wondered. "Find out who you are, after the uplifted young woman there has seen us thus scrape acquaintance?"

She laughed on her side now at the shade of alarm in his amusement. "Isn't it a reason the more? If what you're afraid of is the injury for me—my being seen to walk off with a gentleman who has to ask who I am—I assure you I don't in the least mind. Here, however," she continued, "is my card, and as I find there is something else again I have to say at the office, you can just study it during the moment I leave you."

She left him after he had taken from her the small pasteboard she had extracted from her pocket-book, and he had extracted another from his own, to exchange with it, before she came back. He read thus the simple designation "Maria Gostrey," to which was attached, in a corner of the card, with a number, the name of a street, presumably in Paris, without other appreciable identity than its foreignness. He put the card into his waistcoat pocket, keeping his own meanwhile in evidence; and as he leaned against the door-post he met with the smile of a straying thought what the expanse before the hotel offered to his view. It was positively droll to him that he should already have Maria Gostrey, whoever she was—and he hadn't really the least idea of it—in a place of safe keeping. He had somehow an assurance that he should carefully preserve the little token he had just tucked in. He gazed with unseeing, lingering eyes as he followed some of the implications of his act, asking himself if he really felt admonished to qualify it as disloyal. It was prompt, it was possibly even premature, and there was little doubt of the expression of face the sight of it would have produced in a certain person. But if it were "wrong"—why then he had better not have come out at all. At this, poor man, had he already—and even before meeting Waymarsh—arrived. He had believed he had a limit, but the limit had been transcended within thirty-six hours. By how long a space on the plane of manners or even of morals, moreover, he felt still more sharply after Maria Gostrey had come back to him and with a gay, decisive "So now—!" led him forth into the world. This counted, it struck him as he walked beside her with his overcoat on an arm, his umbrella under another and his personal pasteboard a little stiffly retained between forefinger and thumb—this struck him as really, in comparison, his introduction to things. It hadn't been "Europe" at Liverpool, no—not even in the dreadful, delightful, impressive streets the night before—to the extent his present companion made it so. She had not yet done that so much so as when, after their walk had lasted a few minutes and he had had time to wonder if

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a couple of sidelong glances from her meant that he had best have put on gloves, she almost pulled him up with an amused challenge. "But why—fondly as it's so easy to imagine your clinging to it—don't you put it away? Or if it's an inconvenience to you to carry it, one is often glad to have one's card back. The fortune one spends in them!"

Then he saw both that his way of marching with his own prepared tribute had affected her as a deviation in one of those directions he couldn't yet measure, and that she supposed this emblem to be still the one he had received from her. He handed her, accordingly, the card, as if in restitution, but as soon as she had it she felt the difference and, with her eyes on it, stopped short for apology. "I like," she observed, "your name."

"Oh," he answered, "you won't have heard of it!" Yet he had his reasons for not being sure but that she perhaps might.

Ah, it was but too visible! She read it over again as one who had never seen it. "'Mr. Lewis Lambert Strether'"—she sounded it almost as freely as if a stranger were in question. She repeated, however, that she liked it—"particularly the Lewis Lambert. It's the name of a novel of Balzac's."

"Oh, I know that!" said Strether.

"But the novel's an awfully bad one."

"I know that too," Strether smiled. To which he added with an irrelevance that was only superficial: "I come from Woollett, Massachusetts." It made her for some reason—the irrelevance or whatever—laugh. Balzac had described many cities, but he had not described Woollett, Massachusetts. "You say that," she returned, "as if you wanted one immediately to know the worst."

"Oh, I think it's a thing," he said, "that you must already have made out. I feel it so that I certainly must look it, speak it, and, as people say there, 'act' it. It sticks out of me, and you knew, surely, for yourself, as soon as you looked at me."

"The worst, you mean?"

"Well, the fact of where I come from. There, at any rate, it *is;* so that you won't be able, if anything happens, to say that I've not been straight with you."

"I see"—and Miss Gostrey looked really interested in the point he had made. "But what do you think of as happening?"

Though he was not shy—which was rather anomalous—Strether gazed about without meeting her eyes; a motion that, in talk, was frequent with him, yet of which his words often seemed not at all the effect. "Why, that you should find me too hopeless." With which they walked on again together, while she answered, as they went, that the most "hopeless" of her countryfolk were precisely those, in general, she liked best. All sorts of other pleasant small things—small things that were yet large for him—flowered in the air of the occasion; but the bearing of the occasion itself on matters still remote concerns us too closely to permit us to multiply

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our illustrations. Two or three, however, in truth, we should perhaps regret to lose. The tortuous wall—girdle, long since snapped, of the little swollen city, half held in place by careful civic hands—wanders, in narrow file, between parapets smoothed by peaceful generations, pausing here and there for a dismantled gate or a bridged gap, with rises and drops, steps up and steps down, queer twists, queer contacts, peeps into homely streets and under the brows of gables, views of cathedral tower and waterside fields, of huddled English town and ordered English country. Too deep almost for words was the delight of these things for Strether; yet as deeply mixed with it were certain images of his inward picture. He had trod this walk in the far-off time, at twenty-five; but that, instead of spoiling it, only enriched it for present feeling and marked his renewal as a thing substantial enough to share. It was with Waymarsh he should have shared it, and he was now, accordingly, taking from him something that was his due. He looked repeatedly at his watch, and when he had done so for the fifth time Miss Gostrey took him up.

"You're doing something that you think not right."

It so touched the place that he quite changed color, and his laugh was almost awkward. "Am I enjoying it as much as *that?*"

"You're not enjoying it, I think, so much as you ought."

"I see"—he appeared thoughtfully to agree. "Great is my privilege."

"Oh, it's not your privilege! It has nothing to do with *me.* It has to do with yourself. Your failure's general."

"Ah, there you are!" he laughed. "It's the failure of Woollett. *That's* general."

"The failure to enjoy," Miss Gostrey explained, "is what I mean."

"Precisely. Woollett isn't sure it ought to enjoy. If it were it would. But it hasn't, poor thing," Strether continued, "any one to show it how. It's not like me. I have somebody."

They had stopped, in the afternoon sunshine—constantly pausing, in their stroll, for the sharper sense of what they saw—and Strether rested on one of the high sides of the old stony groove of the little rampart. He leaned back on this support with his face to the tower of the cathedral, now admirably commanded by their standpoint, the high red-brown mass, square and subordinately spired and crocketted, retouched and restored, but charming to his long-sealed eyes and with the first swallows of the year weaving their flight all round it. Miss Gostrey lingered near him, full of an air, to which she more and more justified her right, of understanding the effect of things. She quite concurred. "You've indeed somebody." And she added: "I wish you *would* let me show you how!"

"Oh, I'm afraid of you!" he declared.

She kept on him a moment, through her glasses and through his own, a certain pleasant pointedness. "Ah no, you're not! You're

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not in the least, thank goodness! If you had been we shouldn't so soon have found ourselves here together. I think," she comfortably said, "you trust me."

"I think I do! — but that's exactly what I'm afraid of. I shouldn't mind if I didn't. It's falling thus, in twenty minutes, so utterly into your hands. I dare say," Strether continued, "it's a sort of thing you're thoroughly familiar with; but nothing more extraordinary has ever happened to me."

She watched him with all her kindness. "That means simply that you've recognized me—which *is* rather beautiful and rare. You see what I am." As on this, however, he protested, with a good-humored headshake, a resignation of any such claim, she had a moment of explanation. "If you'll only come on further as you *have* come, you'll at any rate make out. My own fate has been too many for me, and I've succumbed to it. I'm a general guide—to 'Europe,' don't you know? I wait for people — I put them through. I pick them up—I set them down. I'm a sort of superior 'courier-maid.' I'm a companion at large. I take people, as I've told you, about. I never sought it—it has come to me. It has been my fate, and one's fate one accepts. It's a dreadful thing to have to say, in so wicked a world, but I verily believe that, such as you see me, there's nothing I don't know. I know all the shops and the prices—but I know worse things still. I bear on my back the huge load of our national consciousness, or, in other words—for it comes to that—of our nation itself. Of what is our nation composed but of the men and women individually on my shoulders? I don't do it, you know, for any particular advantage. I don't do it, for instance—some people do, you know—for money."

Strether could only listen and wonder and weigh his chance. "And yet, affected as you are then to so many of your clients, you can scarcely be said to do it for love." He waited a moment. "How do we reward you?"

She had her own hesitation, but "You don't!" she finally exclaimed, setting him again in motion. They went on, but in a few minutes, though while still thinking over what she had said, he once more took out his watch; but mechanically, unconsciously, and as if made nervous by the mere exhilaration of what struck him as her strange and cynical wit. He looked at the hour without seeing it, and then, on something again said by his companion, had another pause. "You're really in terror of him."

He smiled a smile that he almost felt to be sickly. "Now you can see why I'm afraid of you."

"Because I've such illuminations? Why, they're all for your help! It's what I told you," she added, "just now. You feel as if this were wrong."

He fell back once more, settling himself, as if to hear more about it, against the parapet. "Then get me out!"

Her face fairly brightened for the joy of the appeal, but, as if

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it were a question of immediate action, she visibly considered. "Out of waiting for him?—of seeing him at all?"

"Oh no—not that," said poor Strether, looking grave. "I've got to wait for him—and I want very much to see him. But out of the terror. You did put your finger on it a few minutes ago. It's general, but it avails itself of particular occasions. That's what it's doing for me now. I'm always considering something else; something else, I mean, than the thing of the moment. The obsession of the other thing is the terror. I'm considering at present, for instance, something else than *you*."

She listened with charming earnestness. "Oh, you oughtn't to do that!"

"It's what I admit. Make it, then, impossible."

She continued to think. "Is it really an 'order' from you?—that I shall take the job? *Will* you give yourself up?"

Poor Strether heaved his sigh. "If I only could! But that's the deuce of it—that I never can. No—I can't."

She was not, however, discouraged. "But you desire to, at least!"

"Oh, unspeakably!"

"Ah then, if you'll try!"—and she took over the job, as she had called it, on the spot. "Trust me!" she exclaimed; and the action of this, as they retraced their steps, was presently to make him pass his hand into her arm in the manner of a kind, dependent, paternal old person who wishes to be "nice" to a younger one. If he drew it out again, indeed, as they approached the inn, this may have been because, after more talk had passed between them, the relation of age, or at least of experience—which, for that matter, had already played to and fro with some freedom—affected him as incurring a readjustment. It was at all events perhaps lucky that they arrived in sufficiently separate fashion within range of the hotel-door. The young lady they had left in the glass cage watched as if she had come to await them on the threshold. At her side stood a person equally interested, by his attitude, in their return, and the effect of the sight of whom was instantly to determine for Strether another of those responsive arrests that we have had so repeatedly to note. He left it to Miss Gostrey to name, with the fine, full bravado, as it almost struck him, of her "Mr. Waymarsh!" what was to have been, what—he more than ever felt as his short stare of suspended welcome took things in—would have been, but for herself, his doom. It was already upon him, even at that distance, that Mr. Waymarsh was, for *his* part, joyless.

II.

He had none the less to confess to this friend that evening that he knew almost nothing about her, and it was a deficiency that Waymarsh, even with his memory refreshed by contact, by her own prompt and lucid allusions and inquiries, by their having par-

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taken of dinner, in the public room, in her company, and by another stroll, to which she was not a stranger, out into the town to look at the cathedral by moonlight—it was a blank that the resident of Milrose, though admitting acquaintance with the Munsters, professed himself unable to fill. He had no recollection of Miss Gostrey, and two or three questions that she put to him about those members of his circle had, to Strether's observation, the same effect he himself had already more directly felt—the effect of appearing to place all knowledge, for the time, on this original woman's side. It interested him indeed to mark the limits of any such relation for her with his friend as there could possibly be a question of, and it particularly struck him that they were to be marked altogether in Waymarsh's quarter. This added to his own sense of having gone far with her—gave him an early illustration of a much shorter course. There was a certitude he immediately grasped—a conviction that Waymarsh would quite fail, as it were, and on whatever degree of acquaintance, to profit by her.

There had been, after the first interchange among the three, a talk of some five minutes, in the hall, and then the two men had adjourned to the garden, Miss Gostrey, for the time, disappearing. Strether, in due course, accompanied his friend to the room he had bespoken, and had, before going out, scrupulously visited; where, at the end of another half hour, he had no less discreetly left him. On leaving him he repaired straight to his own room, but with the effect, very soon, of feeling the compass of that chamber resented by his condition. There he had, on the spot, the first consequence of their reunion. A place was too small for him after it that had seemed large enough before. He had awaited it with something that he would have been sorry, have been almost ashamed, not to recognize as emotion, yet with a tacit assumption, at the same time, that emotion would in the event find itself relieved. The actual oddity was that he was only more excited; and his excitement—to which, indeed, he would have found it difficult instantly to give a name—brought him once more downstairs and caused him for some minutes vaguely to wander. He went once more to the garden; he looked into the public room, found Miss Gostrey writing letters and backed out; he roamed, fidgeted and wasted time; but he was to have his more intimate session with his friend before the evening closed.

It was late—it was not till Strether had spent an hour upstairs with him—that this subject consented to betake himself to doubtful rest. Dinner and the subsequent stroll by moonlight—a dream, on Strether's part, of romantic effects rather prosaically merged in a mere missing of thicker coats—had measurably intervened, and this midnight conference was the result of Waymarsh's having—when they were free, as he put it, of their fashionable friend—found the smoking-room not quite what he wanted, and yet bed what he wanted still less. His most frequent form of words was

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that he knew himself, and they were applied on this occasion to his certainty of not sleeping. He knew himself well enough to know that he should have a night of prowling unless he should succeed, as a preliminary, in getting as tired as he wanted. If the effort directed to this end involved, till a late hour, the presence of Strether—consisted, that is, in the detention of the latter for full discourse—there was yet an impression of minor discipline involved, for our friend, in the picture Waymarsh made as he sat, in trousers and shirt, on the edge of his couch. With his long legs extended and his large back much bent, he nursed alternately, for an almost incredible time, his elbows and his beard. He struck his visitor as extremely, as almost wilfully, uncomfortable; yet what had this been for Strether, from that first glimpse of him disconcerted in the porch of the hotel, but the predominant note? It was a discomfort that was in a manner contagious, as well as also, in a manner, inconsequent and unfounded; the visitor felt that unless he should get used to it—or unless Waymarsh himself should—it would constitute a menace for his own prepared, his own already confirmed, consciousness of the agreeable. On their first going up together to the room that Strether had selected for him Waymarsh had looked it over, in silence, with a sigh that represented for his companion, if not the habit of disapprobation, at least the despair of felicity; and this look had recurred to Strether as the key of much that he had since observed. "Europe," he had begun to gather from these things, had, as yet, then, for him, rather failed of its message; he had not got into tune with it, and had almost, at the end of three months, renounced any such expectation.

He really appeared at present to insist on that by just perching there with the gas in his eyes. This of itself somehow conveyed the futility of single rectifications in a multiform failure. He had a large, handsome head, and a large, sallow, seamed face—a striking, significant physiognomic total, the upper range of which, the great political brow, the thick, loose hair, the dark, fuliginous eyes, recalled even to a generation whose standard had dreadfully deviated the impressive image, familiar by engravings and busts, of some great national worthy of the earlier part of the mid-century. He was of the personal type—and it was an element in the power and promise that in their early time Strether had found in him—of the American statesman, the statesman of "Congressional halls," of an elder day. The legend had been, in later years, that, as the lower part of his face, which was weak, and slightly crooked, spoiled the likeness, this was the real reason for the growth of his beard, which might have seemed to spoil it for those not in the secret. He shook his mane; he fixed, with his admirable eyes, his auditor or his observer; he wore no glasses and had a way, partly formidable, yet also partly encouraging, as from a representative to a constituent, of looking very hard at those who approached

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him. He met you as if you had knocked and he had bidden you enter. Strether, who had not seen him for a long interval, apprehended him now with a freshness of taste, and had perhaps never done him such ideal justice as on this occasion. The head was bigger, the eyes finer, than they need have been for the career; but that only meant, after all, that the career was itself expressive. What it expressed at midnight in the gas-glaring bedroom at Chester was that the subject of it had, at the end of years, barely escaped, by flight in time, a general nervous collapse. But this very proof of the full life, as the full life was understood at Milrose, would have made, to Strether's imagination, an element in which Waymarsh could have floated easily had he only consented to float. Alas, nothing so little resembled floating as the rigor with which, on the edge of his bed, he hugged his posture of prolonged impermanence. It suggested to his comrade something that always, when kept up, worried him—a person established in a railway-coach with a forward inclination. It represented the angle at which poor Waymarsh was to sit through the ordeal of Europe.

Thanks to the stress of occupation, the strain of professions, the absorption and embarrassment of each, they had not, for some five years before this sudden brief and almost bewildering reign of comparative ease, found, at home, so much as a day for a meeting; a fact that was in some degree an explanation of the sharpness with which, for Strether, most of his friend's features stood out. Those he had lost sight of since the early time came back to him; others that it was never possible to forget struck him now as sitting, clustered and expectant, like a somewhat defiant family-group, on the doorstep of their residence. The room was narrow for its length, and Strether's friend on the bed thrust so far a pair of slippered feet that he had almost to step over them in his recurrent rebounds from his chair to fidget back and forth. There were marks they made on things to talk about, and on things not to, and one of the latter, in particular, fell like the tap of chalk on the blackboard. Married at thirty, Waymarsh had not lived with his wife for fifteen years, and it came up vividly between them in the glare of the gas that Strether was not to ask about her. He knew they were still separate and that she lived at hotels, travelled in Europe, painted her face, and wrote her husband abusive letters, of not one of which, to a certainty, that sufferer spared himself the perusal; but he respected without difficulty the cold twilight that had settled on this side of his companion's life. It was a province in which mystery reigned, and as to which Waymarsh had never spoken the informing word. Strether, who wanted to do him the highest justice wherever he *could* do it, singularly admired him for the dignity of this reserve, and even counted it as one of the grounds—grounds all handled and numbered—for ranking him, in the range of their acquaintance, as a success. He *was* a success, Waymarsh, in spite of overwork, of prostration, of sensible shrink-

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age, of his wife's letters and of his not liking Europe. Strether would have reckoned his own career less futile had he been able to put into it anything so handsome as so much fine silence. One might, oneself, easily have left Mrs. Waymarsh; and one would assuredly have paid one's tribute to the ideal in covering with that attitude the derision of having been left by her. Her husband had held his tongue, and had made a large income; and these were the achievements, in especial, as to which Strether envied him. Our friend had had indeed, for his part too, a subject for silence, which he fully appreciated; but it was a matter of a different sort, and the figure of the income he had arrived at had never been high enough to look any one in the face.

"I don't know as I quite see what you require it for. You don't appear sick to speak of." It was of Europe that Waymarsh thus finally spoke.

"Well," said Strether, falling as much as possible into step, "I guess I don't *feel* sick now that I've started. But I had pretty well run down before I did start."

Waymarsh raised his melancholy look. "Ain't you about up to your usual average?"

It was not quite pointedly sceptical, but it seemed somehow a plea for the purest veracity, and affected our friend, proportionately, as the very voice of Milrose. He had long since made a mental distinction—though never, in truth, daring to betray it—between the voice of Milrose and the voice, even, of Woollett. It was the former, he felt, that was most in the real tradition. There had been occasions in his past when the sound of it had reduced him to temporary confusion, and the present, for some reason, suddenly became such another. It was no light matter, none the less, that the very effect of his confusion should be to make him again prevaricate. "That description hardly does justice to a man to whom it has done such a lot of good to see *you*."

Waymarsh fixed on his washing-stand the silent, detached stare with which Milrose in person, as it were, might have marked the unexpectedness of a compliment from Woollett; and Strether, on his side, felt once more like Woollett in person. "I mean," his friend presently continued, "that your appearance isn't as bad as I've seen it: it compares favorably with what it was when I last noticed it." On this appearance Waymarsh's eyes yet failed to rest; it was almost as if they obeyed an instinct of propriety, and the effect was still stronger when, always considering the basin and jug, he added: "You've filled out some since then."

"I'm afraid I have," Strether laughed: "one does fill some with all one takes in, and I've taken in, I dare say, more than I've natural room for. I was dog-tired when I sailed." It had the oddest sound of cheerfulness.

"*I* was dog-tired," his companion returned, "when I arrived, and it's this wild hunt for rest that takes all the life out of me.

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The fact is, Strether—and it's a comfort to have you here at last to say it to; though I don't know, after all, that I've really waited; I've told it to people I've met in the cars—the fact is, such a country as this ain't my *kind* of country, any way. There ain't a country I've seen over here that *does* seem my kind. Oh, I don't say but what there are plenty of pretty places and remarkable old things; but the trouble is that I don't seem to feel anywhere in tune. That's one of the reasons, I suppose, I've gained so little. I haven't had the first sign of that lift I was led to expect." With this he broke out more earnestly. "Look here—I want to go back."

His eyes were all attached to Strether's now, for he was one of the men who fully face you when they talk of themselves. This enabled his friend to look at him hard and immediately to appear in his own eyes, by doing so, to the highest advantage. "That's a genial thing to say to a fellow who has come out on purpose to meet you!"

Nothing could have been finer than, on this, Waymarsh's sombre glow. "*Have* you come out on purpose?"

"Well—very largely."

"I thought, from the way you wrote, there was something back of it."

Strether hesitated. "Back of my desire to be with you?"

"Back of your prostration."

Strether, with a smile made more dim by a certain consciousness, shook his head. "There are all the causes of it!"

"And no particular cause that seemed most to drive you?"

Our friend could at last conscientiously answer. "Yes. One. There *is* a matter that has had much to do with my coming out."

Waymarsh waited a little. "Too private to mention?"

"No, not too private—for *you*. Only rather complicated."

"Well," said Waymarsh, who had waited again. "I *may* lose my mind over here, but I don't know as I've done so yet."

"Oh, you shall have the whole thing. But not to-night."

Waymarsh seemed to sit stiffer and to hold his elbows tighter. "Why not—if I can't sleep?"

"Because, my dear man, I *can!*"

"Then where's your prostration?"

"Just in that—that I can put in eight hours;" and Strether brought it out that if Waymarsh didn't "gain" it was because he didn't go to bed: the result of which was, in its order, that, to do the latter justice, he permitted his friend to insist upon his really getting settled. Strether, with a kind coercive hand for it, assisted him to this consummation, and again found his own part in their relation auspiciously enlarged by the smaller touches of lowering the lamp and seeing to a sufficiency of blanket. It somehow ministered for him to indulgence to feel Waymarsh, who looked unnaturally big and black in bed, as much tucked in as a patient in a hospital and, with his covering up to his chin, as much simplified

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by it. He hovered in vague pity, in fine, while his companion challenged him out of the bedclothes. "Is she really after you? Is that what's behind?"

Strether felt an uneasiness at the direction taken by his companion's vision, but he played a little at uncertainty. "Behind my coming out?"

"Behind your prostration, or whatever. It's generally felt, you know, that she follows you up pretty close."

Strether's candor was never very far off. "Oh, it has occurred to you that I'm literally running away from Mrs. Newsome?"

"Well, I haven't *known* but what you are. You're a very attractive man, Strether. You've seen for yourself," said Waymarsh, "what that lady downstairs makes of it. Unless indeed," he rambled on with an effect between the ironic and the anxious, "it's you that are after *her*. Is Mrs. Newsome *over* here?" He spoke as with a droll dread of her.

It made his friend—though rather dimly—smile. "Dear no; she's safe, thank goodness—as I think I more and more feel—at home. She thought of coming, but she gave it up. I've come in a manner instead of her; and come, to that extent—for you're right in your inference—on her business. So you see there *is* plenty of connection."

Waymarsh continued to see at least all there was. "Involving accordingly the particular one I've referred to?"

Strether took another turn about the room, giving a twitch to his companion's blanket and finally gaining the door. His feeling was that of a nurse who had earned personal rest by having made everything straight. "Involving more things than I can think of breaking ground on now. But don't be afraid—you shall have them from me: you'll probably find yourself having quite as much of them as you can do with. I shall—if we keep together—very much depend on your impression of some of them."

Waymarsh's acknowledgment of this tribute was characteristically indirect. "You mean to say you don't believe we *will* keep together?"

"I only glance at the danger," Strether paternally said, "because when I hear you wail to go back I seem to see you open up such possibilities of folly."

Waymarsh took it—silent a little—like a large snubbed child. "What are you going to do with me?"

It was the very question Strether himself had put to Miss Gostrey, and he wondered if he had sounded like that. But *he* at least could be more definite. "I'm going to take you right down to London."

"Oh, I've *been* down to London!" Waymarsh more softly moaned. "I've no use, Strether, for anything down there."

"Well," said Strether, good-humoredly, "I guess you've some use for *me*."

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"So I've got to go?"

"Oh, you've got to go further yet."

"Well," Waymarsh sighed, "do your damnedest! Only you *will* tell me before you lead me on all the way—?"

Our friend had again so lost himself, both for amusement and for contrition, in the wonder of whether he had made, in his own challenge that afternoon, such another figure, that he for an instant missed the thread. "Tell you—?"

"Why, what you've got on hand."

Strether hesitated. "Why, it's such a matter as that, even if I positively wanted, I shouldn't be able to keep it from you."

Waymarsh gloomily gazed. "What does that mean, then, but that your trip is just *for* her?"

"For Mrs. Newsome? Oh, it certainly is, as I say. Very much."

"Then why do you also say it's for me?"

Strether, in impatience, violently played with his latch. "It's simple enough. It's for both of you."

Waymarsh at last turned over with a groan. "Well, *I* won't marry you!"

"Neither, when it comes to that—!" But Strether had already laughed and escaped.

III.

He had told Miss Gostrey that he should probably take, for departure with Waymarsh, some afternoon train, and it thereupon in the morning appeared that this lady had made her own plan for an earlier one. She had breakfasted when Strether came into the coffee-room; but, Waymarsh not having yet emerged, he was in time to recall her to the terms of their understanding and to pronounce her discretion overdone. She was not, surely, to break away at the very moment she had created a want. He had met her as she rose from her little table in a window, where, with the morning papers beside her, she reminded him, as he let her know, of Major Pendennis breakfasting at his club—a compliment of which she professed a deep appreciation; and he detained her as pleadingly as if he had already—and notably under pressure of the visions of the night—learned to be unable to do without her. She must teach him at all events, before she went, to order breakfast as breakfast was ordered in Europe, and she must especially sustain him in the problem of ordering for Waymarsh. The latter had laid upon his friend, by desperate sounds through the door of his room, dreadful divined responsibilities in respect to beefsteak and oranges—responsibilities which Miss Gostrey took over with an alertness of action that matched her quick intelligence. She had weaned the expatriated before from traditions compared with which the matutinal beefsteak was but the creature of an hour, and it was not for her, with some of her memories, to falter in the path; though she freely enough declared, on reflection, that

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there was always, in such cases, a choice of opposed policies. "There are times when to give them their head, you know—!"

They had gone to wait together in the garden for the dressing of the meal, and Strether found her more suggestive than ever. "Well, what?"

"Is to bring about for them such a complexity of relations—unless indeed we call it a simplicity!—that the situation *has* to wind itself up. They want to go back."

"And you want them to go!" Strether gayly concluded.

"I always want them to go, and I send them as fast as I can."

"Oh, I know—you take them to Liverpool."

"Any port will serve in a storm. I'm—with all my other functions—an agent for repatriation. I want to re-people our stricken country. What will become of it else? I want to discourage others."

The ordered English garden, in the freshness of the day, was delightful to Strether, who liked the sound, under his feet, of the tight, fine gravel, packed with the chronic damp, and who had the idlest eye for the deep smoothness of turf and the clean curves of paths. "Other people?"

"Other countries. Other people—yes. I want to encourage our own."

Strether wondered. "Not to come? Why then do you 'meet' them?—since it doesn't appear to be to stop them?"

"Oh, that they shouldn't come is, as yet, too much to ask. What I attend to is that they come quickly and return still more so. I meet them to help it to be over as soon as possible, and though I don't stop them I've my way of putting them through. That's my little system; and, if you want to know," said Maria Gostrey, "it's my real secret, my innermost mission and use. I only seem, you see, to beguile and approve; but I've thought it all out and I'm working all the while underground. I can't perhaps quite give you my formula, but I think that, practically, I succeed. I send you back spent. So you stay back. Passed through my hands—"

"We don't turn up again?" The further she went, always, the further he seemed to see himself able to follow. "I don't want your formula—I feel quite enough, as I hinted yesterday, your abysses. Spent!" he echoed. "Thank you—if that's how you're arranging so subtly to send me—for the warning."

For a minute, in the pleasant place—poetry in tariffed items, but all the more, for guests already convicted, a challenge to consumption—they smiled at each other in confirmed fellowship. "Do you call it subtly? It's a plain, poor tale. Besides, you're a special case."

"Oh, special cases—that's weak!" She was weak enough, further still, to defer her journey and agree to accompany the gentlemen on their own, might a separate carriage mark her independence; though it was, in spite of this, to befall, after luncheon, that she

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went off alone, and that, with a tryst taken for a day of her company in London, they lingered another night. She had, during the morning—spent in a way that he was to remember, later on, as the very climax of his foretaste, as warm with presentiments, with what he would have called collapses—had all sorts of things out with Strether; and among them the fact that though there was never a moment of her life when she wasn't "due" somewhere, there was yet scarce a perfidy to others of which she was not capable for his sake. She explained, moreover, that wherever she happened to be she found a dropped thread to pick up, a ragged edge to repair, some familiar appetite in ambush, jumping out as she approached, yet appeasable with a temporary biscuit. It became, on her taking the risk of the deviation imposed on him by her insidious arrangement of his morning meal, a point of honor for her not to fail with Waymarsh of the larger success too; and her boast, later, to Strether, was that she had made their friend fare—and quite without his knowing what was the matter—as Major Pendennis would have fared at the Megatherium. She had made him breakfast like a gentleman, and it was nothing, she forcibly asserted, to what she would yet make him do. She made him participate in the slow reiterated ramble with which, for Strether, the new day amply filled itself; and it was by her art that he somehow had the air, on the ramparts and in the Rows, of carrying a point of his own.

The three strolled and stared and gossipped, or at least the two did; the case really yielding, for their comrade, if analyzed, but the element of stricken silence. This element, indeed, affected Strether as charged with audible rumblings, but he was conscious of the care of taking it, explicitly, as a sign of pleasant peace. He wouldn't appeal too much, for that provoked stiffness; yet he wouldn't be too freely tacit, for that suggested giving up. Waymarsh himself adhered to an ambiguous dumbness that might have represented either the growth of a perception or the despair of one; and at times and in places—where the low-browed galleries were darkest, the opposite gables queerest, the solicitations, of every kind, densest—the others caught him fixing hard some object of minor interest, fixing even at moments nothing discernible, as if he were indulging it with a truce. When he met Strether's eye on such occasions he looked guilty and furtive, fell the next minute into some attitude of retractation. Our friend couldn't show him the right things for fear of provoking some total renouncement, and was tempted even to show him the wrong in order to make him differ with triumph. There were moments when he himself felt shy of professing the full sweetness of the taste of leisure, and there were others when he found himself feeling as if his passages of interchange with the lady at his side might fall upon the third member of their party very much as Mr. Burchell, at Dr. Primrose's fireside, was influenced by the high flights of the visitors from London. The smallest things so arrested and amused him that he repeatedly almost

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apologized—brought up afresh, in explanation, his plea of a previous grind. He was aware at the same time that his grind had been as nothing to Waymarsh's, and he repeatedly confessed that, to cover his frivolity, he was doing his best for his previous virtue.

Do what he might, however, his previous virtue was still there, and it seemed fairly to stare at him out of the windows of shops that were not as the shops of Woollett, fairly to make him want things that he shouldn't know what to do with. It was, by the oddest, the least admissible, of laws, demoralizing him now; and the way it boldly took was to make him want more wants. These first walks in Europe were in fact a kind of finely-lurid intimation of what one might find at the end of that process. Had he come back, after long years, in something already so like the evening of life, only to be exposed to it? It was at any rate over the shop-windows that he made, with Waymarsh, most free; though it would have been easier had not the latter most sensibly yielded to the appeal of the merely useful trades. He pierced with his sombre detachment the plate-glass of ironmongers and saddlers, while Strether flaunted an affinity with the dealers in stamped letter-paper and in neckties. Strether was in fact recurrently shameless in the presence of the tailors, though it was just over the heads of the tailors that his countryman most loftily looked. This gave Miss Gostrey a grasped opportunity to back up Waymarsh at his expense. The weary lawyer—it was unmistakable—had a conception of dress; but that, in view of some of the features of the effect produced, was just what made the danger of insistence on it. Strether wondered if he by this time thought Miss Gostrey less fashionable or Lambert Strether more so; and it appeared probable that most of the remarks exchanged between this latter pair about passers, figures, faces, personal types exemplified in their degree the disposition to talk as "society" talked.

Was what was happening to himself then, was what already *had* happened, really that a woman of fashion was floating him into society, and that an old friend, deserted on the brink, was watching the force of the current? When the woman of fashion permitted Strether—as she permitted him at the most—the purchase of a pair of gloves, the terms she made about it, the prohibition of neckties and other items till she should be able to guide him through the Burlington Arcade, were such as to fall upon a sensitive ear as a challenge to just imputations. Miss Gostrey was such a woman of fashion as could make without a symptom of vulgar blinking an appointment for the Burlington Arcade. Mere discriminations about a pair of gloves could thus at all events represent—always for such sensitive ears as were in question—possibilities of something that Strether could make a mark against only as the peril of apparent wantonness. He had quite the consciousness of his new friend, for their companion, that he might have had of a Jesuit in petticoats, a representative of the recruiting interests of

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the Catholic church. The Catholic church, for Waymarsh—that was to say the enemy, the monster of bulging eyes and far-reaching, quivering, groping tentacles—was exactly society, exactly the multiplication of shibboleths, exactly the discrimination of types and tones, exactly the wicked old Rows of Chester, rank with feudalism; exactly, in short, Europe.

There was light for observation, however, in an incident that occurred just before they turned back to luncheon. Waymarsh had been for a quarter of an hour exceptionally mute and distant, and something or other—Strether was never to make out exactly what—proved, as it were, too much for him after his comrades had stood for three minutes taking in, while they leaned on an old balustrade that guarded the edge of the Row, a particularly crooked and huddled street-view. "He thinks us sophisticated, he thinks us worldly, he thinks us wicked, he thinks us all sorts of queer things," Strether reflected; for it was wondrous, the vague quantities that our friend had, within a couple of short days, acquired the habit of conveniently and conclusively lumping together. There seemed moreover a direct connection between some such inference and a sudden grim dash taken by Waymarsh to the opposite side. This movement was startlingly sudden, and his companions at first supposed him to have espied, to be pursuing, the glimpse of an acquaintance. They next made out, however, that an open door had instantly received him, and they then recognized him as engulfed in the establishment of a jeweller, behind whose glittering front he was lost to view. The act had somehow the note of a demonstration, and it left each of the others to show a face almost of fear. But Miss Gostrey broke into a laugh. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well," said Strether, "he can't stand it."

"But can't stand what?"

"Anything. Europe."

"Then how will that jeweller help him?"

Strether seemed to make it out, from their standpoint, between the interstices of arrayed watches, of close-hung dangling gewgaws. "You'll see."

"Ah, that's just what—if he buys anything—I'm afraid of: that I shall see something rather dreadful."

Strether studied the finer appearances. "He may buy everything."

"Then don't you think we ought to follow him?"

"Not for worlds. Besides, we can't. We're paralyzed. We exchange a long, scared look; we publicly tremble. The thing is, you see, we 'realize.' He has struck for freedom."

She wondered, but she laughed. "Ah, what a price to pay! And I was preparing some for him so cheap."

"No, no," Strether went on, frankly amused now; "don't call it that: the kind of freedom *you* deal in is dear." Then as to justify himself: "Am I not, in *my* way, trying it? It's this."

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"Being here, you mean, with me?"

"Yes, and talking to you as I do. I've known you a few hours, and I've known *him* all my life; so that if the ease I thus take with you about him isn't magnificent"—and the thought of it held him a moment—"why, it's rather base."

"It's magnificent!" said Miss Gostrey, to make an end of it. "And you should hear," she added, "the ease *I* take—and I above all intend to take—with Mr. Waymarsh."

Strether thought. "About *me?* Ah, that's no equivalent. The equivalent would be Waymarsh's serving me up—his remorseless analysis of me. And he'll never do that"—he was sadly clear. "He'll never remorselessly analyze me." He quite held her with the authority of this. "He'll never say a word to you about me."

She took it in; she did it justice; yet after an instant her reason, her restless irony, disposed of it. "Of course he won't. For what do you take people, that they're able to say words about anything, able remorselessly to analyze? There are not many like you and me. It will be only because he's too stupid."

It stirred in her friend a sceptical echo which was at the same time the protest of the faith of years. "Waymarsh stupid?"

"Compared with you."

Strether had still his eyes on the jeweller's front, and he waited a moment to answer. "He's a success of a kind that I haven't approached."

"Do you mean he has made money?"

"He makes it—to my belief. And I," said Strether, "though with a back quite as bent, have never made anything. I'm a perfectly-equipped failure."

He was afraid, an instant, that she would ask him if he meant he was poor; and he was glad she didn't, for he really didn't know to what the truth on this unpleasant point mightn't have prompted her. She only, however, confirmed his assertion. "Thank goodness you're a failure—it's why I so distinguish you! Anything else to-day is too hideous. Look about you—look at the successes. Would you *be* one, on your honor? Look, moreover," she continued, "at me."

For a little, accordingly, their eyes met. "I see," Strether returned. "You too are out of it."

"The superiority you discern in me," she concurred, "announces my futility. If you knew," she sighed, "the dreams of my youth! But our realities are what has brought us together. We're beaten brothers in arms."

He smiled at her kindly enough, but he shook his head. "It doesn't alter the fact that you're expensive. You've cost me already—!"

But he had hung fire. "Cost you what?"

"Well, my past—in one great lump. But no matter," he laughed: "I'll pay with my last penny."

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Her attention, however, had now been engaged by their comrade's return, for Waymarsh met their view as he came out of his shop. "I hope he hasn't paid," she said, "with *his* last; though I'm convinced he has been splendid, and has been so for you."

"Ah no—not that!"

"Then for me?"

"Quite as little." Waymarsh was by this time near enough to show signs his friend could read, though he seemed to look almost carefully at nothing in particular.

"Then for himself?"

"For nobody. For nothing. For freedom."

"But what has freedom to do with it?"

Strether's answer was indirect. "To be as good as you and me. But different."

She had had time to take in their companion's face; and with it, as such things were easy for her, she took in all. "Different—yes. But better!"

If Waymarsh was sombre he was also indeed almost sublime. He told them nothing, left his absence unexplained, and though they were convinced he had made some extraordinary purchase they were never to learn its nature. He only glowered grandly at the tops of the old gables. "It's the sacred rage," Strether had had further time to say; and this sacred rage was to become, between them, for convenient comprehension, the description of one of his periodical necessities. It was Strether who eventually contended that it did make him better than they. But by that time Miss Gostrey was convinced that she didn't want to be better than Strether.

(To be continued.)

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